

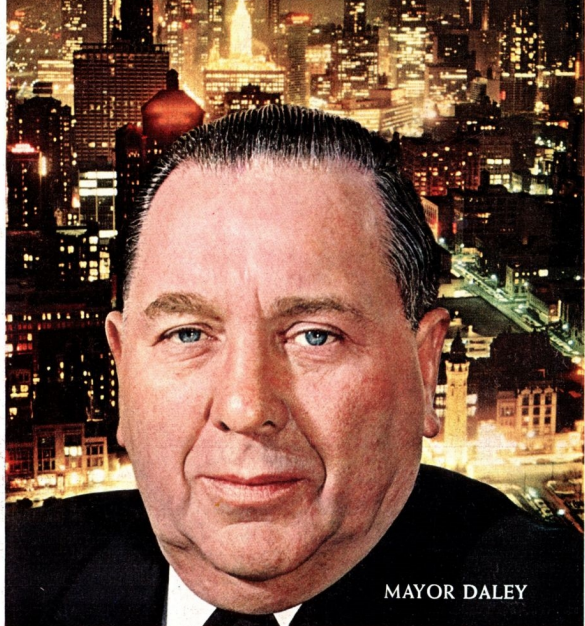
THIRTY CENTS

MARCH 15, 1963

CHICAGO: The New Façade  
The Next Election

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



MAYOR DALEY

ART SHAY AND ARTHUR SIEGEL

VOL. LXXXI NO. 11

(ISSN 0020-7179)



## Is your home part of your hidden savings?

It is an important part... and there are many other sources of savings more easily overlooked.

You can find out about your hidden savings power through an exclusive Connecticut General technique called 25/75. This new plan can help you create new resources and conserve what you now own. 25/75 helps you pay yourself first and control the spending of the rest. It helps you decide what your resources should

and could be later on. How? By aiding you in striking the financial balance that is right for your needs. You will also discover just how insurance fits into your plan.

Learn about the positive, personal benefits of CG's exclusive 25/75. Call your Connecticut General agent or broker today. Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford.

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**CONNECTICUT GENERAL**





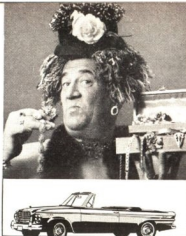
# Come Out Come Out Whoever You Are

We've got the Lark you'll love:  
Stark Lark...Luxury Lark...  
Staid Lark...Super Lark. You  
wave the wand. Lark fills  
your want.



## Performance-Lover...?

Get Lark's 2-door sedan, so inexpensive you can customize to your heart's content. Engine with or without supercharger. Limited slip differential. HD adjustable shocks. "Trac" rods.



## Luxury-Lover...?

Get heavy high-pile broadcloth upholstery. Floors flush with door-sills—no soggy foot wells. Wide, chair-high seats. Power steering, power disc brakes. Effortless automatic transmissions. Dependability—quick starts in cold weather...no stalling in hot weather traffic.



## Outdoors-Lover...?

Get the Lark Wagonaire, the only wagon you can walk into to load and unload—it has a sliding roof. A power plant that will pull the biggest trailer you might want. Disc brake option to stop that trailer, too. Ground clearance—with big 15" wheels. Twin Traction that keeps you moving in mud, sand or snow.

## We invite you

— performance people, luxury people, sports people, moms, doctors, or just car owners—to visit one of our dealers. Do it soon . . . so that we can put together the car you want. It may take a couple of weeks, though your dealer may have "the car that's you all over" right now.



## Suburbs-Lover...?

Take your pick of a 2-door Lark (for "moms" with little ones); a 4-door sedan (for "moms" with older car pools); or a wagon that will carry from 8 to 10 according to size. Pick a six for high gas mileage, or your choice of six V8 power plants. And front seat-belts come with every car as standard equipment. A safety extra from Studebaker alone.

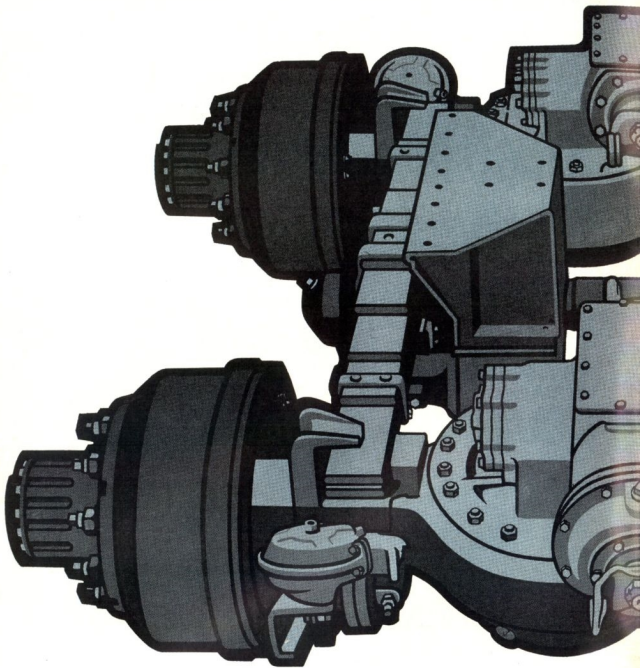


## Reliability-Lover...?

Doctors love Lark's new dependability. Quick starts in cold weather. No stalls in hot weather. Sure stops with disc brakes. Twin Traction to keep you going in snow or mud. Luxurious or sporty as your local image requires —without "show." Over-all length up to 3 feet shorter than other cars.

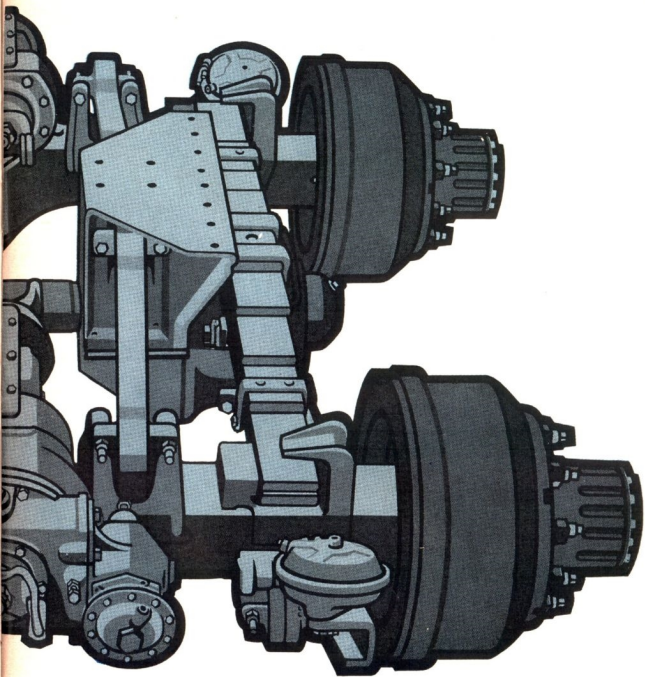


**Studebaker**  
CORPORATION



**... WE ALSO MAKE MISSILE FUEL FILTERS**

Truck axles and missile filters. Uncommon combination? Not for Rockwell-Standard®. We're tops in truck, trailer and bus axles and famous in that field for a whole flock of important "firsts": such things as tandem driving axles, heavy-duty hypoid gearing, many more. Our success in axles hasn't hemmed us in, however. We also make the industry's broadest line of gas and liquid filters—some 3,000



varieties in all. Axles and filters: two of our twelve major product lines. And we make each product as if it were our only one. We're this: a world-wide operation with many occupations and with special skills in each. Write for our illustrated booklet "Dynamic . . . Diversified." Rockwell-Standard Corporation, Dept. 10, Coraopolis, Pennsylvania.



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"YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A MILLIONAIRE TO PLAY LIKE ONE."

*Walter Hagen*

# New Haig Ultra for 1963

...cost no more than the next best clubs

Like the great Walter Hagen, who won five PGA Championships and two U.S. Opens, new Haig Ultra® golf clubs set the standard for style and performance. Every Haig Ultra club has the same sensitive balance, the same delicate touch, the same powerful response because the flex of each shaft is individually matched to the weight of its club head.

Hand-finished Haig Ultra woods and handsome, jeweled chrome Haig Ultra irons cost no more than the next best clubs. The Haig Ultra liquid center golf ball stays livelier longer. Ultra-white cover stays dazzling white. Haig Ultra golf clubs and golf balls are available only through golf professional shops.



See how the shafts are marked on both woods and irons to show specified flex and firmness to match each club head.



Walter Hagen Golf • Grand Rapids, Michigan





## This surprise visitor is about to carry out an important Exchange rule

### Surprise audits: another important example of self-regulation by the New York Stock Exchange.

If you operated a business, would you hire an independent accounting firm to come in once a year—unexpectedly, without prior notice—and examine your financial affairs?

Member Firms of the New York Stock Exchange accept such surprise audits every year.

This self-imposed investigation is required by one of the Exchange rules for all Member Firms doing business with the public. It is an example of the Exchange's policy of self-regulation which is designed to maintain a market fair and orderly for all.

The purpose of the audit is to see that the firm's assets and liabilities are as stated; and that the firm's financial condition measures up to Exchange rules.

#### How deep does the auditor dig?

The auditor starts by examining the firm's books. He counts or gets written confirmation of the stocks and bonds of the firm and those held for customers. He verifies the firm's bank balance. He requests customers to verify their ac-

counts as shown on the firm's books.

The accountant answers an Exchange questionnaire based on the audit and files a copy with the Exchange.

#### Is the surprise audit the only check?

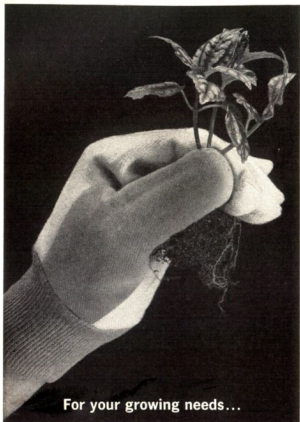
No indeed. In addition, Member Firms must answer other Exchange financial questionnaires on dates selected by the Exchange. It is also Exchange practice to make spot checks of each firm's financial records and procedures.

Discipline for violation of Exchange rules can range from simple warning to expelling the firm or any of its personnel from the Exchange community.

Acceptance of such rules typifies the self-regulation of Member Firms and illustrates the code of practices which has evolved through the 171 years of the New York Stock Exchange's history.

## Members New York Stock Exchange

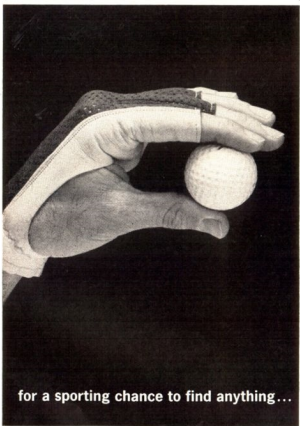
Own your share of American business



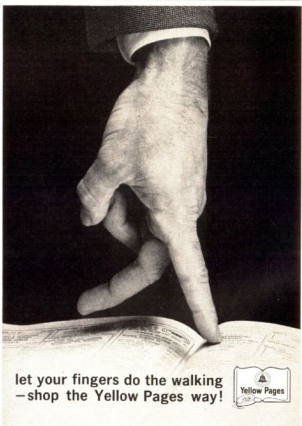
For your growing needs...



for a helping hand...



for a sporting chance to find anything...



let your fingers do the walking  
—shop the Yellow Pages way!



# **"IS THIS A TIME FOR NEEDLESS TAX SPENDING?"**

"All of us keep hearing about the billions of tax dollars needed for defense and space exploration—jobs the federal government has to do. That kind of spending is okay by us.

"But what about the tax spending some people want for government electric power plants and lines?

"When you figure that electric companies like mine can make all the added power America is ever going to need, you see that government spending just isn't needed there.

"I think the federal government should stay out of the electric power business. That way they can save our tax dollars—not spend them.

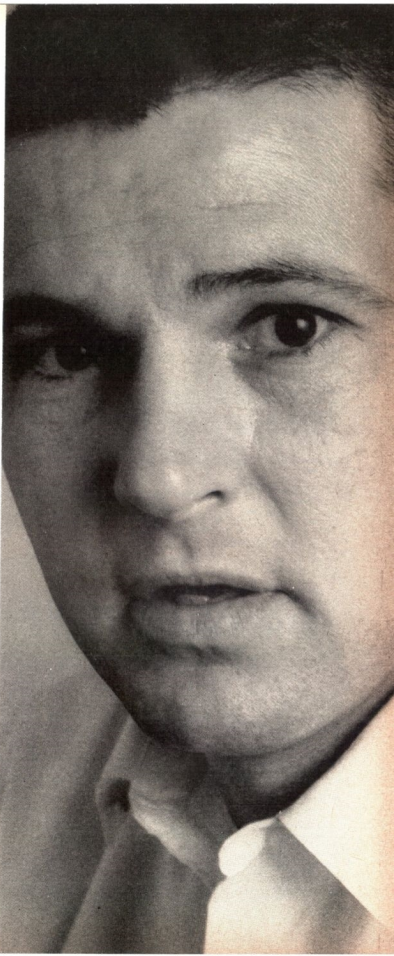
"Don't you agree?"

BILL GOODMAN  
Union Electric Co.  
St. Louis, Missouri

## **INVESTOR-OWNED ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES**

... More than 300 companies across the nation

Spartan's names on request through this magazine



# TIME LISTINGS

## CINEMA

**The Quare Fellow.** Brendan Behan, like most Irishmen, laughs hardest when he hurts worst, and in this movie version of his first successful play he laughs at the way men are made to live, and condemned to die, in an average Irish prison.

**To Kill a Mockingbird.** The Pulitzer Prize novel by Harper Lee, which was always just a mite too cute for words, has been made into a cinemadrama of remarkable charm—some of it supplied by the hero (Gregory Peck), most of it by three gumpious young 'uns (Mary Badham, Phillip Alford, John Megna).

**The Trial.** Orson Welles is a cinema genius whose flops are more fascinating than the bits of lesser men, and in this eerie piece of esoterica, an adaptation of Franz Kafka's parable of *The Anxious Age*, he has produced the most fascinating failure of his career, a madhouse matinee that is so far out it's in.

**Term of Trial.** A good film about a bad marriage. Sir Laurence Olivier and Simone Signoret play Mr. & Mrs. with charm and impressive skill.

**Love and Larceny.** A naughty, nutty comedy from Italy about a con man who discovers that a liar and his lira are seldom parted.

**A Child Is Waiting.** What is it like to be a mental defective? What is being done to help such people? This film makes a calm inspection of this major disaster area (there are 5,700,000 defectives in the U.S.) and makes some surprising recommendations. Burt Lancaster, Judy Garland and Bruce Ritchey play the principal parts with distinction.

**Days of Wine and Roses.** An old-fashioned but effective diatribe against Demon Rum, in which Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick serve impressively as the object lessons.

**David and Lisa.** Love is a light to the sick as well as the sane, and in this painful and beautiful film it lights the life of two psychotic children and gives them hope that somehow they may be healed.

## TELEVISION

Now and then, TIME LISTINGS calls attention to daily programs that are too copious to be listed in the ordinary manner but too interesting to be steadily ignored. Such a program is *Discovery '63*, a children's show on ABC, 4:30-4:55 p.m. weekdays, which ranges skillfully and educationally through a host of subjects and themes. In the coming week, for example, *Discovery '63* covers unusual zoo animals, the U.S.'s Gemini space project, micro-projection of tiny objects and organisms, a trip through Washington, D.C., with Interior Secretary Udall, and a visit to the Smithsonian Institution.

Regular listings:

Wednesday, March 13

**CBS Reports** (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).\* Continuing the program's analysis of the Supreme Court: the decision to ban prayers in public schools.

**The Bob Hope Show** (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Guests include Sinatra and Edie Adams.

\* All times E.S.T.

**Hollywood: The Great Stars** ABC, (10-11 p.m.). Henry Fonda narrates another David Wolper documentary about Hollywood.

Thursday, March 14

**California . . . the Most** (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A swift history of the state.

Friday, March 15

**Eyewitness** (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). The week's top news event.

Saturday, March 16

**National Invitation Tournament** (NBC, 1:30-3:30 p.m.). Basketball from Manhattan's Madison Square Garden.

**Saturday Night at the Movies** (NBC, 9 p.m. to end). *A Certain Smile*, with Joan Fontaine, Rossano Brazzi and Bradford Dillman.

Sunday, March 17

**Camera Three** (CBS, 11-11:30 a.m.). Agnes Moorehead in a program about Wanda Landowska, the harpsichordist.

**Sunday Sports Spectacular** (CBS, 2:30-4 p.m.). World's amateur ice hockey championships: U.S. v. U.S.S.R.

**The Twentieth Century** (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A day in the life of an American Rhodes scholar, Winston Churchill Jr. from North Wales, Pa. at Oxford.

Monday, March 18

**Monday Night at the Movies** (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). *Boy on a Dolphin*, with Sophia Loren as a Greek sponge diver.

Tuesday, March 19

**Judy Garland Special** (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Also featured: Phil Silvers and Robert Goulet.

## THEATER

### On Broadway

**Photo Finish**, by Peter Ustinov. Looking like a cross between a grumpy polar bear and a tipsy Greek philosopher, Ustinov plays an 80-year-old confronting his onstage 60-, 40- and 20-year-old selves. His comic mugging and artful directing help the play to skate, with deceptive ease, over the thin ice of his own script.

**Little Me** shows the high-polish professionalism that Broadwayites are always claiming for the U.S. musical without much tangible evidence. Sid Caesar's frivolity quotient borders on genius.

**Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?** by Edward Albee, turns a college professor's living room into a lethal conversation pit. Poised at each other's jugulars, Arthur Hill and Uta Hagen are comic terrorists to behold, and impossible to forget.

**Never Too Late**, by Sumner Arthur Long. Actor Paul Ford cannot face belated fatherhood, but he does glow at it all evening, and the effect is uproariously beguiling.

**Beyond the Fringe** is an explosion of literate joy. A demolition crew of four antic, articulate young Englishmen blow up any number of civilization's idols.

### Off Broadway

**The Tiger and The Typists**, by Murray Schisgal, are both clever, two-character one-acters; the first concerns two self-appointed nonconformists who eat their

own clichés, the second a pair of drab office workers whose entire lives drain away from 9 to 5. Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson greatly assist the playwright.

**The Dumbwaiter and The Collection**, by Harold Pinter, are just past the 100-performance mark, but it is doubtful if any playwright has fully resolved—or even will—the enigmatic terrors and ironic absurdities with which the playwright invests his eerily modern one-act parables.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**The Second Stone**, by Leslie Fiedler. In this bisterous first novel of love in Rome, the author-critic puts into fictional form one of his pet literary theories: the eternal antagonism between the artist as true rebel and the artist as public entertainer.

**Voltaire and the Calas Case**, by Edna Nixon. Voltaire's memory is well served in this account of how the great skeptic roused Europe against France's execution of an innocent Huguenot.

**Lawrence Durrell and Henry Miller, A Private Correspondence**. Exchanges full of bombast, flattery and genuine admiration between two writers who are probably only near geniuses, despite what they tell each other.

**The Liberator**, by John L. Thomas. The great abolitionist emerges from this objective biography as a fanatic who infuriated his fellow abolitionists as much as the slaveholders.

**The Party**, by Rudolph von Abele. At a grand and lurid party, a decent German soldier—symbolizing humanitarians everywhere—is thoroughly corrupted by an immensely attractive and utterly unscrupulous Nazi warlord.

**Coat Upon a Stick**, by Norman Fruchter. A brilliantly illuminated day in the dotage of an old immigrant Jew who rages the more against life as he senses it slipping away from him.

**Of Streets and Stars**, by Alan Marcus. Plotlessly presenting Hollywood as a series of tangentially connected lives, the author is surprisingly successful in a kind of latter-day Nathaniel Western.

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. **Seven Days in May**, Knebel and Bailey (1, last week)
2. **Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour—An Introduction**, Salinger (4)
3. **The Sand Pebbles**, McKenna (3)
4. **Full-Safe**, Burdick and Wheeler (2)
5. **The Moon-Spinners**, Stewart (6)
6. **\$100 Misunderstanding**, Gower (7)
7. **A Shade of Difference**, Drury (5)
8. **Triumph**, Wylie
9. **The Cape Cod Lighter**, O'Hara (8)
10. **Ship of Fools**, Porter (9)

#### NONFICTION

1. **Travels with Charley**, Steinbeck (1)
2. **Happiness Is a Warm Puppy**, Schulz (2)
3. **Final Verdict**, St. Johns (3)
4. **O Ye Jigs & Juleps!**, Hudson (5)
5. **The Whole Truth and Nothing But, Hopper**
6. **The Points of My Compass**, White (8)
7. **Silent Spring**, Carson (4)
8. **The Good New Days**, Smith
9. **The Fall of the Dynasties**, Taylor (9)
10. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (6)



# **"IS THIS A TIME FOR NEEDLESS TAX SPENDING?"**

"There's so much our taxes are really needed for these days—our country's defense, and important things like that.

"So I hate to see the federal government spend our taxes when they don't have to. I can't understand why some people keep trying to get the government to spend more and more for federal government power systems, for instance.

"Electric companies like the one I work for can supply all the additional electricity America will ever need. So there's not the slightest need for the government to be spending our tax money that way.

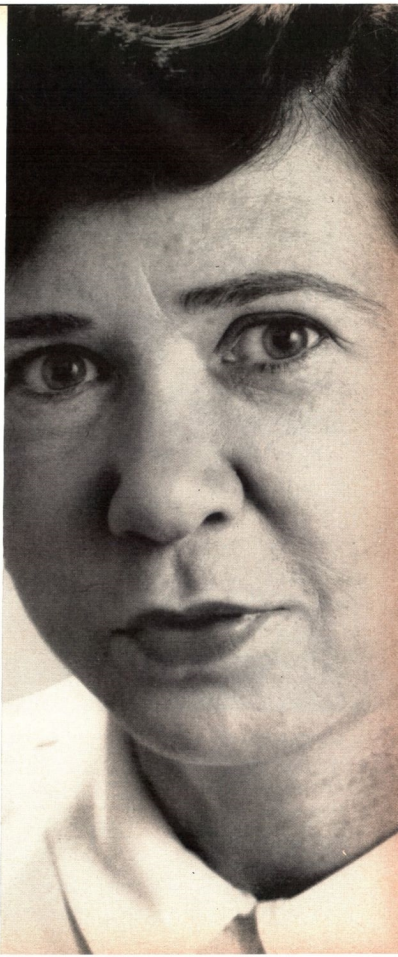
"Doesn't that make sense to you?"

MISS PAULINE SHERMAN  
West Penn Power Co.  
Greensburg, Pennsylvania

## **INVESTOR-OWNED ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES**

... More than 300 companies across the nation

Sponsors' names on request through this magazine



this is  
the MG  
that starts  
a whole  
new  
automobile  
category  
...the  
family  
sports  
sedan—  
\$1898<sup>00</sup>\*



we didn't write one  
word of what you  
are about to read...  
they did.

"HERE is one of the most clever, astute, interesting and practical new cars ever announced... one of the most interesting family car solutions we've ever seen... offers handling such as is seldom had at any price and in any type of automobile... the synchromesh transmission is abso-

lutely crunchproof... the braking system is everything that one could ask... virtually the only small sedan actively entertaining to drive... it produces entertainment out of proportion to its size and appearance... it performs better than its contemporaries."—ROAD & TRACK MAGAZINE

"A peppy scat starter... the car literally floats over rough roads... the driver was even more impressed by the MG's road-holding ability. Each of the four wheels clung to the road as if glued, and the body barely leaned at all on violent bends."

—NEWARK NEWS

"A tour de force of modern auto design—

the ride "feel" is incredibly smooth... probably the most important new car to be announced this season..."—CAR AND DRIVER

"It is economical on fuel, has good performance and offers room and comfort unmatched in its class. It is a car which makes a lot of sense for America, whether it would be used as a first or a second car. Hydrolastic suspension combines one of the highest possible degrees of comfort, if not the highest, a fantastic degree of road handling and safety unequalled by any car I have yet driven... practically speaking, the most advanced car in the world today."—SPORTS CAR GRAPHIC



"I've seldom experienced such road holding... it neither bounced nor pitched as many small cars are apt to do over rough roads." —THIS WEEK MAGAZINE

"Once in a great while a truly amazing car hits the scene... less than 10% of all-out sports cars possess the handling characteristics of this new machine and probably only 1% can take the beating it can absorb. All agree this is truly one of the great autos." —FRESNO CALIFORNIA GUIDE

**BUT—WE WILL ADD THIS:** The spectacular new MG Sports Sedan... not just a new model, but a totally new concept... an economical family sedan of sporting

character... world's number one competitive engine gives speeds in excess of 80 mph... few cars in the world require so little maintenance... safety factors, plus visibility advantages, are unequalled in any small car... enormous rear window and curved side windows for maximum shoulder room... 80% of car's length devoted to 5 passengers and luggage... liquid cooled engine warms up fast and provides controllable heat for maximum passenger comfort... 4-speed stick-on-the-floor shifting... racily designed in true British sports car tradition... built by one of the world's oldest, well-established automobile names, MG... sports car rack

and pinion steering... bucket seats... dual carburetors... the little giant... the sporting spirit... the elegant rascal... the new size of luxury... the new look of performance... price? Ah, yes... \$1898.00\*



\*Suggested retail price, New York, F.O.B., includes: turn signal; windscreen washer; spare wheel; tool kit; ash tray light. (heater and white-walls optional)

Product of The British Motor Corporation, Ltd., makers of MG, Austin Healey, Sprite, Morris and Austin cars

"He certainly looks  
like a Johnson!"



## New Johnson Compacts

So rugged they carry a 2-year warranty!

What a happy heritage this Sea-Horse motor has. Johnson, all Johnson—since way back when. But engineered ahead of its time.

Our baby shown here is a 5½ and his two big brothers are a 10 (at right) and an 18. We call them Compacts because they are. Sleek, slim. Easy to handle, easy to tote. Stay-new styling and classic Sea-Horse dependability. Each offers thermostatic cooling, super silencing, corrosion-proofing, a cushion-hub propeller and a built-in gear shift.

The same two-year warranty policy—good for parts and labor—applies in every power class: 3, 5½, 10, 18, 28, 40 and 75 hp. See your Johnson dealer soon. He's in the Yellow Pages. For free catalog, write Johnson Motors, 1356 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill. Div. of Outboard Marine Corp.





## LETTERS

### Potshots, Helter-Skelter

Sir:

It used to be that one of the vast differences between the U.S. and Russia was that the Russian government withheld information, or gave out false information to its citizens, while the populace of the U.S. was well informed with the truth from its Government. It is a shame to see the Kennedy Administration erase this difference, as it has done with the circumstances surrounding the Cuban situation.

It is no wonder that other governments distrust the U.S., when the citizens themselves cannot trust what their Government tells them.

BEN LOWRY

Napoleon, Ohio

Sir:

I deeply appreciate the fact that TIME refuses to be intimidated by the Kennedy dynasty's vehement disapproval of all news media that dare to dim the supposed "shining Kennedy image" with the actual, tarnishing facts.

I have only one gripe. At two press conferences, the President has been allowed to laugh off charges of "managed news." Why are your correspondents not pinning him down with specific questions and forcing him to publicly face this issue?

SAM HARROD III

Eureka, Ill.

Sir:

When a man has to hide his activities from his own family, or a corporation from its stockholders, or a doctor from his patient and even a nation from its people, the reasons had better stand up to verification in the spotlight of discovery.

E. G. BUDE

Miami

Sir:

You mention that the Kennedys, like any other family, have their building headache: "... how to screen the house from view of the nearby highway ..."

I can't see their problem—move the highway.

MRS. RICHARD SAYER PETERSON  
Wayzata, Minn.

Sir:

Architecture has been called "the mother art." The First Family is supposedly a patron of the arts. It is somewhat surprising, therefore, that their new home in Virginia should be so lacking in enlightened architectural design. One can only assume that its future

occupants feel that this is a progressive, New Frontier type of house.

CHARLES H. HAMILTON  
Worcester, Mass.

Sir:

First it was rocking chairs, then 50-mile hikes. Now he's building "His and Her" bedrooms at the new retreat on Rattlesnake Mountain. God help us.

ROBIN J. SWENSON  
Terre Haute, Ind.

Sir:

Now that the New Frontier has launched the 50-mile-hike fad, how about Mr. Kennedy's going one step farther and starting a 90-mile-cruise fad—to Cuba, to see exactly how Communism and its weapons have gained a foothold under our very nose.

MATTHEW H. LEAR  
Glenview, Ill.

Sir:

The office of the U.S. presidency is becoming a target at which all manner of men are taking potshots, helter-skelter. I see inherent in all this a cancerous growth that could spread and stifle the true spirit of Americanism—which embodies constructive criticism, yes, but which also is based on sober consideration, mutual understanding and due respect for another person's judgment.

RAYMOND W. TRIMBLE  
Waukegan, Ill.

### Recognition for Doing Right

Sir:

We have an expression at Synanon: it is "gut level," which means rock-bottom honesty. My gut-level feeling is that your story [March 1] was the most wonderful thing that has happened to me since coming to Synanon. As project director for the Nevada State Prison group, I would like you to know that it meant as much to the inmate members as it did to me personally.

The effect that the article had on the prisoners was evidenced when we read at the alonon to a Synanon meeting in the cave at the prison. Recognition for doing the right thing was a new experience for most of these men, whose only recognition formerly was based on the outrageousness of their crimes.

CANDY LATSON  
Reno

### Alone With Bended Knee

Sir:

Re your story [March 1] on the Royal Canadian Air Force physical fitness program:

New from

**ZENITH**

## Now Zenith adds FM to the famous 9-band Trans-Oceanic!

Meet the Royal 3000 Zenith Trans-Oceanic® Radio. It is the world's most remarkable all-transistor portable.

Snap up the telescopic antenna to bring in FM (magnificent, crystal-clear FMI!).

Bring in short wave, long wave and standard AM broadcasts.

Amateur broadcasts.

Marine and weather reports.

Ship-to-shore and ship-to-ship broadcasts. And FAA weather-navigation reports, too.

The super-sensitive Royal 3000 is powered to tune in the world!

It has nine tuning ranges

... runs on standard, readily

available flashlight batteries,

and is Handcrafted throughout.

\$275.00\*



ZENITH—THE QUALITY GOES IN BEFORE THE NAME GOES ON

Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois  
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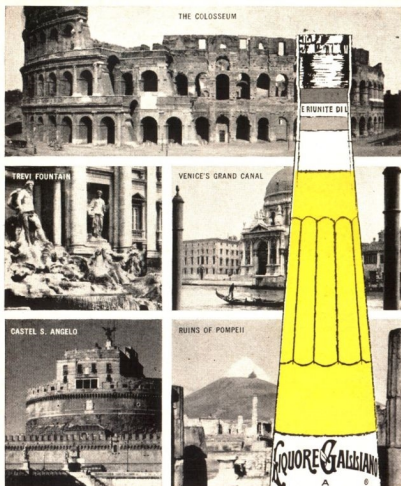
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## FOND OF THINGS ITALIANO? TRY A SIP OF GALLIANO

As authentically Italian as Italy's many scenic delights is the liquid gold of Galliano, the legendary liqueur "distilled from the rays of the sun." There's no taste quite like it in the world. Try a sip of its bright, sunny flavor. Galliano—the fine Italian liqueur that conquered America.



80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. © M&K & R, 1961

I have been "holding" at Level B, Chart 3, since April 1, 1962.

I have been a zealous "pusher" of the program since that date, having distributed more than 60 of the booklets. Nevertheless, I am monumentally dismayed because all of the 60 recipients of the booklets have dropped the program, leaving me all alone at 28 toe touches, 27 setups, 39 liftings of the head and legs, 19 pushups, 500 runnings in place, and 50 deep knee-bends.

WILLIAM RUSSELL BURNS JR.  
Salem, Mass.

Sir:  
I'm on the eBX program, but the best physical fitness program in the world is to be 46 years of age and have four boys, aged 10, 9, 8, and 7.

M. JEFFERSON  
Wichita Falls, Texas

Sir:  
The 1963 version of "the shot heard round the world" may be the flexing of a stiff, sore muscle.

DR. WILLIAM S. WALD  
Captain, Dental Corps, U.S.A.F.  
Reese A.F.B.  
Lubbock, Texas

### I Bassotti

Sir:  
You refer to Premier Fanfani and his aides [Feb. 22] as "bassotti" (dachshunds) for their shortness. Though not a Fanfani fan, I object to such a derisive classification.

On the average, bright men are short, but I wouldn't refer to Caesar, Bonaparte, Mozart or Charlie Chaplin as *bassotti*. The only very tall bright men I can think of at the moment are President Lincoln, President Kennedy, De Gaulle and Dr. Clement A. Finch, world famous hematologist of Seattle, Washington.

EMANUELE SALVADIO, M.D.  
University of Genoa, Italy

P.S. I am myself a *bassotto*.

### Lonely Lutheran

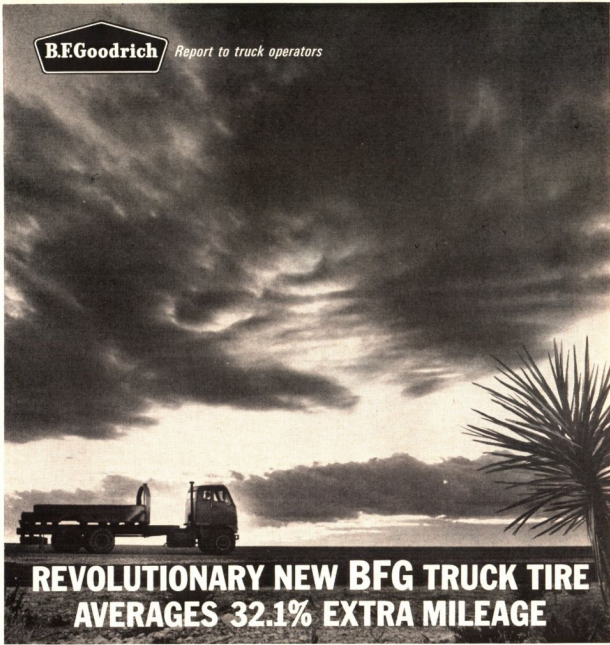
Sir:  
Fifteen years ago I shared in a retreat at which Arthur Kreinbender made a serious proposal for a Lutheran monastic order. The kind and gentle, yet passionate spirit he displayed there for his project has been well captured in this capsule article [March 1]. Whatever reaction Lutherans may have to his theology as implied in solitary celebration of the Mass, they will certainly admit that somehow his movement points to a need that Protestants generally have not been able to meet or even recognize: the need for worship, meditation and prayer instead of action committees and programs.

(THE REV.) DAVID L. SCHEIDT  
Pastor

The Evangelical Lutheran Church  
of the Living Word  
Roslyn, Pa.

Sir:  
A celibate, Mass-celebrating monk styling himself a Lutheran? The Great Reformer of Wittenberg, who by word and deed rejected celibacy, the Mass and monasticism, would have flown into one of his typical Teutonic tizzies. Neither Catholic fish nor Protestant fowl, "Father" Kreinbender represents a syncretistic mishmash equally offensive to both. One wonders if he has a mezuzah on the doorpost of his monastery just to be sure all bases are covered.

FREDERICK M. ERLICH  
Belleville, N.J.



**B.F. Goodrich**

*Report to truck operators*

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Most Florsheim styles \$19.95 to \$24.95

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A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

## Smashing

Sir:

Your note on piano reduction [March 11] brings to mind my father, Tom Lawrence (on the Wall Street Journal for 42 years), who reduced a player piano with an ax in under 15 minutes in 1935. Pop always was avant-garde.

MRS. DONALD M. CRAWFORD  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sir:

For future scientific team tomfoolery, might I suggest book burning? Records established in this test of intellect are: encyclopedia ten minutes (*Britannica*, Volume P), the *Talmud* twelve minutes, *Winnie the Pooh* five minutes. Prevalent textbooks may serve as igniters. Paperbacks are hardly sporting.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

American Embassy  
Lima, Peru

Sir:

As a harpsichord lover of many years' standing, I have long advocated relegating the piano to the rubbish heap. You can therefore imagine with what relish I read your description of the students who can reduce a piano to kindling in five minutes.

SOL BABITZ

Heidelberg, Germany

## Teaching Jonny

Sir:

Poor Jonny! With a start like that [March 8], the entire concept of reading, which is, of course, to find out about something, will be a mystery. Reading for meaning must be the aim from the very beginning, and if this concept is not established, there will be difficulties later. Even if the beginning reader knows the meaning of such words as idio, bamboo, racoon, etc., which is doubtful, he will have a tough time with the context of something like "The song of the toot root has made the princess snore."

As for spelling, how many of our words are spelled phonetically? In fact, most of the spelling errors in the early grades are made by spelling words phonetically.

The book could have value as a phonetic exercise; as reading, no.

MARGARET YOUNG

Chester, Conn.

Sir:

I'm going to write a primer for my four-year-old, who writes phonetically (fonetikly). It's going to be called *At the Barnyard* and have sentences like "You should buff the rough wood on the plough now," and "After the calf laughs the foy jay neighs."

It's a wonder Jonny ever could read.

MRS. THOMAS N. HILL

Cleveland

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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## How to tell when you've "arrived"

When the boss asks,  
"Is somebody taking  
notes?"...and  
doesn't look at you.

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in every crisis partly  
by insisting on Hart  
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Cool when it's hot, warm  
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## THE NATION

### THE PRESIDENCY The Winter of Discontent

"If I have another month like this," said the President of the U.S. to an aide, "I'm going to give up the job." That was last January, and if Jack Kennedy had not been kidding, he would be back in Boston by now. For February was another gloomy month, and the New Frontier can only hope that March, which came in like a lion, will walk out like a lamb.

At Kennedy's Wednesday morning press conference last week (the afternoon New York Post was back in business, and the President wanted to hit at least the late editions), New York Timesman Tom Wicker put the proposition plainly. "Your policies in Europe seem to be encountering great difficulties," he said. "Cuba continues to be a problem. At home unemployment is high. There seems to be more concern in the country over a budget deficit than for a tax cut. In view of all these things, there is some impression and talk in the town and country that your Administration seems to have lost its momentum and to be slowing down and to be moving on the defensive."

**Ebb & Flow.** Kennedy smiled wanly. "There is," he replied, "a rhythm to a personal and national and international life, and it flows and ebbs. We have a good many difficulties at home and abroad. The Congress has not acted yet on the programs that we have sent forward, so that we are still in the gestation period in those areas. I would say that our present difficulties in Europe, while annoying in a sense, or burdensome, are not nearly as dangerous as they were then. As far as Cuba, it continues to be a problem. On the other hand, there are advances in the solidarity of the hemisphere. I think we have made it clear that we will not permit Cuba to be an offensive military threat."

"So that if you ask me whether this was 'the winter of our discontent,' I would say no. If you would ask me whether we were quite as well this winter as we were doing in the fall, I would say no."

The President's "winter of discontent" allusion sent reporters scurrying to their Shakespeares.\* In fact, it had been cited

two days before by New York Post Columnist William V. Shannon in an essay critical of Kennedy (in that same paper Shannon's colleague, James Wechsler, professed himself dismayed at the fact that press conference reporters keep asking Kennedy about Cuba).

Kennedy's press conference statement satisfied hardly anyone. Wrote Shannon the next day: "The presidential press conference, once a tiger burning bright in the forests of the Washington night, has become a toothless old animal." Wrote New

nation, in any era, there are going to be ups and downs.

This very fact has political value—as President Kennedy, a marvelous politician, well knows. By readily admitting that things are not so good as they ought to be, any success, no matter how small, can be magnified and trumpeted as a major achievement.

Although he is widely conceded reelection next year, Kennedy is taking no chances. For weeks his brother-in-law, Stephen E. Smith, has been touring the

country and touching up the Kennedy organization. At the same time, Administration stalwarts argue that, okay, maybe Kennedy has had to compromise on a few issues that he considered basic. But that is because he is a first-term President who must, to see his ideals come to bloom, be re-elected. Kennedy's second term, under the 22nd Amendment to the Constitution, will be his last. And so, unhampered by political considerations, he will be able to go all out for the policies and programs in which he believes.

In other words, wait until the year after next.

### FOREIGN RELATIONS Up to the Others

Everywhere that President Kennedy turned, Cuba kept popping up. At his press conference, six of the 21 questions were about Cuba. Reporters learned little from his answers.

Did the President have accurate information about how many Soviet troops have been removed from Cuba so far? No. Had the Russians offered the U.S. any way of verifying the troop pull-out? No. Was Kennedy satisfied with the rate of the Soviet withdrawal? No. What about charges that the Administration knew about the Soviet missile buildup in Cuba several days before finally taking action last October? "I have seen charges of all kinds," said Kennedy. "One day a distinguished Republican charges that it is all the CIA's fault, and the next day it is the Defense Department's fault, and the next day the CIA is being made a scapegoat by another distinguished leader. So that we could not possibly answer these charges, which come so fast and furiously."

Kennedy was most evasive when asked



THE PRESIDENT  
A rhythm that rocks up and down.

York Times Washington Bureau Chief James Reston (who had earlier in the week wryly cited the Peace Corps as the only New Frontier program that has surpassed either promises or expectations): "As a public relations stance, the President's attitude has its advantages. It gives the impression that somehow today's problems will yield to patience and persistence. But will they?" Columnist Doris Fleeson got a ribald laugh out of Kennedy's press conference pronouncement. Wrote she: "President Kennedy has come out for the rhythm method of controlling reactions to the New Frontier."

**First & Lost.** As a matter of political fact, there is plenty to be said for the rhythm system. For any President, in any

\* Richard III, Act I, Scene 1.



WORLD TV PRESS, PARIS

#### RUSSIAN TECHNICIANS IN CUBA

More digging in than getting out.

if four Alabama airmen killed during the Bay of Pigs invasion had been employees of the Central Intelligence Agency or any other department of U.S. Government. Said he: "The flight that cost them their lives was a voluntary flight, and while because of the nature of their work it has not been a matter of public record, as it might be in the case of soldiers and sailors, I can say that they were serving their country."

**The Curious Sequence.** But if President Kennedy was reluctant to talk, others were not. Arkansas' Governor Orval Faubus said that as many as 25 Arkansas Air National Guardsmen had been recruited by the "Federal Government" to train anti-Castro Cubans. Some of the Arkansians, he said, flew combat missions over the Bay of Pigs—an assertion denied by the White House.

In a curious sequence, retired Air Force Major General David W. Hutchison, commander of the U.S. Ninth Tactical Air Force during the Bay of Pigs buildup, said that he had been "consulted as an adviser on occasion" about the invasion. He named Brigadier General G. Reid Doster, commanding general of the Alabama Air National Guard, as the man "in charge of tactical air operations" for the invasion. Doster, said Hutchison, has "plenty to tell." But instead of telling, Doster referred newsmen to Albert C. Persons, managing editor of the Birmingham Examiner, and cousin of retired Army Major General Wilton B. Persons, who was President Eisenhower's top legislative liaison aide.

When questioned, Albert Persons simply pointed to two articles he had just written for Chicago's American. In them, Persons said that he had been one of 18 American airmen hired to "replace inexperienced Cuban air crews for the all-important initial air strikes against Cuba." The recruiters, according to the Persons account, "represented themselves as being with a company under contract to one of the Cuban exile groups . . . We all be-

lieved then, and believe now, that the men who hired us were representatives of the U.S. Government."

**The Gap.** Confusing? Of course. But no more confusing than the rest of the continuing Cuba controversy. In what may rank as the silliest statement made so far about that controversy, Texas' Democratic Representative George Mahon, chairman of the House Military Appropriations Subcommittee, called on the Administration, Senators and Congressmen to stop answering questions about Cuba. "There has been talk of an intelligence gap," said Mahon. "There is an intelligence gap. The gap is in the intelligence of those who are daily revealing the secrets of the intelligence operations of the U.S. Government." It was "outrageous," he said. "Critics have made public statements on matters which should never be discussed in public. The Administration has mistakenly allowed itself to be goaded into revealing information detrimental to our best interests."

Presumably, Mahon would have withheld from the nation even such sparse information about Cuba as was officially forthcoming last week. Secretary of State Dean Rusk, for one, reported that enough Soviet shipping is on the way to Cuba to remove "several thousand" Russians. That, of course, will leave several thousand others still in Cuba. The activities of those Russians, both military and civilian, were the highlight last week of a notable CBS-TV "Eye Witness" program.

Testifying before the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee, chaired by Mississippi's John Stennis, Army Intelligence Chief Alva R. Fitch indicated that some Soviet technicians are indeed being removed—but a lot of Russian combat troops are digging in.

Cuban caves, said Major General Fitch, are being converted into military storehouses—"many suited to storage of both large and delicate electronic items." Some of these storehouse caves are off limits to all but Russians.



#### TEACHING CUBANS RUSSIAN

All the while, according to CIA Director John McCone, Cuba-trained Communist sabotage and guerrilla experts are flooding the rest of Latin America. This is precisely the sort of activity that President Kennedy, only a few months ago, said that the U.S. would not tolerate. But what does the U.S. plan to do now? Apparently, very little. Said Kennedy at his press conference, in answer to a question about hemispheric subversion from Cuba: "There has been an Organization of American States committee which has reported on the need for control. Now it is up to the Latin American countries."

### THE ADMINISTRATION Name in the Game

As State Department men tell it, White House staffers play a game they call "Frontier." The first player starts off by naming a plausible shift in New Frontier personnel—like "Bundy for Rusk." The man whose turn is next must come up with a reasonable candidate for the displaced person's job—as in "Rusk for Stevenson." A player must drop out of the game if he comes up with a patently implausible shift—such as "Stevenson for McNamara." It is remarkable how often the game starts off with Secretary of State Dean Rusk as the first to be replaced.

This sort of thing is the cause of considerable resentment among Rusk's many admirers within the State Department. In the department cafeteria last week, two young Foreign Service officers engaged in an earnest lunchtime conversation. "How can he stand it?" asked one of them angrily. "Every time he turns around, it's Bundy or Bobby, Bobby or Bundy. Why doesn't he walk out and let those White House brain-trusters loose things up? That's what I would do." The other man nodded solemnly. "I would too," he said.

**No Plans.** At that very moment, Rusk was lunching, eight floors above, with West Germany's Walter Hallstein, chief administrator of the Common Mar-



ket. If he had any worries about his future, he did not show them. But the rumors about Rusk are rampant in Washington: the President has shunted him aside, Presidential Assistant McGhee Bundy has displaced him as the No. 1 foreign policy adviser, Rusk is about to resign, his successor will be Bundy or maybe even Bobby Kennedy. "I shudder at this possibility," says a State Department official, "but I know too much to say it's out of the question."

So insistent are these rumors that at a Rusk press conference two weeks ago a newsman bluntly asked him whether, in view of reports that the President had already picked his successor, he intended to resign. Replied Rusk, outwardly unruffled: "A Cabinet officer serves at the pleasure of the President." He had, he added calmly, "no plans" to resign.

**No Doubt.** When asked about the rumors, deep-dyed New Frontiersmen deny that there is any substance to them. A White House aide protests that "there is no better man in this country" than Rusk. Bobby Kennedy recently called the reports that he was about to take over the State Department "completely ridiculous." In February President Kennedy told his press conference that he had the "highest confidence" in Rusk. Last week, speaking to a group of young Foreign Service men in the White House garden, the President assured them that "in spite of what you read, we love the State Department."

But appearances keep belying these protestations. There can be no doubt that Bundy, in the White House, runs a foreign-policy operation that is closer to the President, both spatially and personally, than the State Department. To State's professionals, Bundy's "Little State Department" is a grievous nuisance, burdening them with endless telephone calls. "I wish they would move them over to this building, just to get them off the

phone," says one State Department man. "Then we would all be one big unhappy family." Last week came word that Under Secretary George McGhee will be sent abroad as Ambassador to West Germany. As it happens, McGhee is one of the very few top State Department officials picked by Rusk himself—and Rusk does not want McGhee to go. McGhee's replacement as No. 3 man at State is Assistant Secretary Averell Harriman—Kennedy's choice.

Beyond all that, the rumors about Rusk's imminent withdrawal from the Kennedy Cabinet mainly emanate from members of the President's staff and such favored newsmen as Columnist Joe Alsop and the Washington Post's ailing Publisher Phil Graham.

**No Image.** The reality of the matter is that Rusk, as Secretary of State, brings splendid virtues to his job: dedication, integrity, discretion, and a vast knowledge of foreign relations in all their complexity and subtlety. But alas, he does not look or act like a New Frontiersman. He is 54, bald and a bit paunchy, in an Administration dominated by men who are slim-waisted and fuzzy-faced. Rusk is modest, unpushy, and not at all concerned with painting his "image" in headlines. In short, he does not fit the New Frontier pattern—and for that reason, one of those "Frontier" players may one day soon start off with a shift sequence that happens to prove out.

## THE CONGRESS

### He Shouldn't Be There— And He Wasn't

After months of grumbling about his free spending and high living, the U.S. House of Representatives last week got around to doing something about Harlem Democrat Adam Clayton Powell Jr. The House cut Adam's allowance.

The House was not so much interested in the fact that Powell had been a brazen junketeer at public expense, billed the Government for umpteen trips to his beach home in Puerto Rico, put his wife on a \$13,000 secretarial salary, and sharply increased the spending of the Education and Labor Committee, of which he is chairman. What really bugged the boys was Powell's defense—he insisted that he had only done "what every Congressman does," and he castigated his critics as being anti-Negro.

**Worse Than Flu.** This was too much. The House Administration Committee met to consider Powell's request for \$607,000 to run his committee for the next two years. Powell, as usual, was not in Washington. He had last been noted there on Feb. 26, when he bounced into a subcommittee meeting with a complaining quip: "I shouldn't be here. I have the Asian flu—or should I call it the Afro-Asian flu?" With Powell away, the House Administration Committee recommended that Powell should not have a two-year allotment at all. It would give him just \$200,000 for the first year—a cut of some 40%. He would have to come back, hopefully chastened, for the second-year funds.



ROOSEVELT & POWELL  
Brazen, bumptious and bam!

The committee also recommended a rare restriction on how the \$200,000 could be used. Normally, House chairmen disperse committee funds pretty much at their own discretion. But Powell was told that \$150,000 must be allocated in equal shares to six subcommittees, whose chairmen would supervise its spending. Thus Powell himself could control only a piddling \$50,000, which would hardly keep him in swimsuits. If nothing else, the cut-back would surely curtail a mysterious "committee investigative task force" that operates out of a downtown federal building in Washington on projects so secret that only Powell seems to know what they are. He had requested \$101,000 for this force alone.

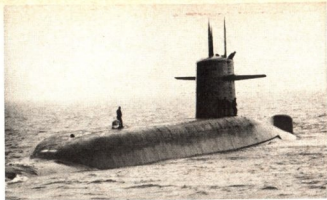
**Nary a Nay.** At midweek the committee's recommendations hit the House floor amid warnings that Powell's friends would arise to defend his reputation—and his funds. California Democrat James Roosevelt, as Powell's defender, had asked for two hours of debate time. But Roosevelt took the floor only to announce that "unfortunately, the chairman of the committee is ill today with influenza and cannot be here." The statement drew hoots of laughter from both sides of the House chamber.

Within 30 minutes the fiscal strings were applied to Powell on a voice vote that brought nary a nay. Roosevelt then rose to add: "In view of the action just taken by the House, there does not seem to be much point in continuing this particular discussion." He merely inserted in the record a mild defense of the Education and Labor Committee, of which he is a member. Neither he nor anyone else in the House had a kind word for Powell.

Whether ill or merely ill at ease, Powell meanwhile was consoling himself in Puerto Rico's sunshine. If he follows past practice, he will turn in a chit for Government reimbursement of his transportation costs.



SECRETARY RUSK  
Bundy, Bobby and maybe bop!



THE ETHAN ALLEN



CAPTAIN LACY

## ARMED FORCES Underneath in the *Ethan Allen*

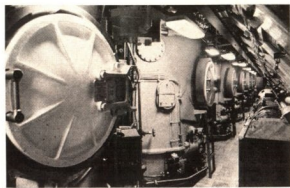
Through the icy, grey-green waters of Scotland's Holy Loch, past the Argyll highlands and into the North Atlantic slipped the nuclear-powered SSB (N) 608—more popularly known as the U.S. submarine *Ethan Allen*. From the wind-whipped surface it nosed silently into the world beneath, a world where time itself hung motionless. Aboard were 16 Polaris missiles—with a total destructive power greater than all the bombs exploded in World War II. The *Ethan Allen*, on what its captain called "a full wartime footing," was setting out on its regular 60-day patrol.

Of the U.S.'s nine deployed Polaris submarines, the *Ethan Allen* and five others were on patrol last week. That two-thirds ratio is standard—although during the height of the Cuba crisis, all nine were ordered to sea. The location of the subs on patrol is known only to a small circle of top military and Government leaders. All that most of the crewmen and officers know is that they are somewhere within their missiles' 1,500-mile range of Soviet targets.

**Battle Station.** Outsiders are not, of course, permitted on the combat patrols. But just before the *Ethan Allen* departed on its two-month journey, *TIME* Military Correspondent Louis Kraar did have a rare opportunity to accompany the sub on a week-long shakedown cruise. His report:

Manning the *Ethan Allen* was its "Blue Crew"; the Polaris submarines two-plateau their crews, and the alternate "Gold Crew" was now at New London, Conn. For Polaris crewmen a patrol starts with a change into a special navy-blue Dacron and cotton coverall. The coverall reduces lint in the closed environment, has no cuffs or belts to get tangled in gear. "But," complains one officer, "it's next to impossible to go to the head in this outfit without dunking part of it."

Amid the maze of machines, the bulkheads covered with cheery green plastic, the shiny steel fittings and the delicate equipment that demands constant attention, there is a private world that turns on four-hour duty watches and countless battle-station drills. It all goes on in the 410-ft. *Ethan Allen*'s six watertight compartments, on four levels and three decks.



ROBERT LACKENBACH—BLACK STAR

POLARIS MISSILE TUBES  
With more destructive power than all the bombs of World War II.

**The Brains.** This is a clean, pure, and endlessly strange world, where night is known only because the interior lights then glow red. Temperature is maintained at 70° to 72°, with a 50% relative humidity. More than 10,000 gallons of fresh water can be created daily, converted from sea water by distilling it.

The brains of the sub, which must always know its precise location, are banks of digital computers. They are linked to the ship's inertial navigation system (SINS). The three SINS, which check each other, dangle from the stable ceiling platform of the *Ethan Allen*'s navigation center. They contain a secret array of spinning gyroscopes and accelerometers, can measure the most minute variation in the ship's movement due to drift. A computer called NAVDAC (for navigation data assimilation computer) records the position changes detected by SINS.

As the *Ethan Allen* patrols the North Atlantic, this automatic navigation system constantly feeds position readings into the guidance system of all 16 missiles. At every dip and turn of the sub, its missile brains know the ship's location, local vertical, true North, target location and trajectory to be flown. In this undersea base, the countdown is always on.

Any order to fire the *Ethan Allen*'s holocaustic weapons would come in a coded message on the sub's low-frequency radio. Like all Polaris subs on station, the *Ethan Allen* receives a constant stream of "familygrams," routine orders and plain "garbage"; the idea is to keep the message

traffic at a steady pace, so that an emergency would not increase the flow and thereby warn an enemy.

**The Countdown.** If a coded war message came through, Captain Paul L. Lacy Jr., a 42-year-old Texan, and his executive officer would open a safe in the presence of still a third officer. The captain and the exec carry different keys, and it requires both keys to open the safe. Inside the safe the officers would find specific orders, keyed to the coded message.

The skipper then takes his place in the control room, opens a lock, to which only he has the combination, on a red "fire" button. This sets off a carefully coordinated sequence in which at least 15 men are vitally involved. At last, Lacy pushes the red button—and holds it down. A console lights up: "Captain's permission to fire." The weapons officer, Lieut. Commander Russell McWeey, shouts "Fire One." The ship's fire control supervisor presses his own "fire" button. A five-ton steel hatch opens on deck, and a burst of compressed air ejects a 15-ton, 30-ft. Polaris A-2 missile. Skyward from beneath the sea's surface, the missile hurtles toward its target.

All this has taken just 15 minutes from the receipt and authentication of the coded order. From then on, a missile can be fired every minute for 15 minutes. Those missiles are the *Ethan Allen*'s reason for being. And in the *Ethan Allen* and 40 other Polaris submarines scheduled to be on station by 1968 rest crucial, free-world hopes.

## POLITICS

### Upstairs at the Downstairs

The Republican draws up his chair to a gleaming cherrywood desk upstairs. Thick maroon carpeting cushions his steps, velvet window draperies smother uncouth sounds, gold leaf gilds the ceiling, a \$50,000 painting graces the anteroom. His receptionist answers the phone, saying "Governor Andersen's office." But it does not make the Republican feel any better.

The Democrat draws up his chair to a dented steel desk in the basement. The floor is without so much as a scatter rug, the single window has no curtain, steam pipes clutter the walls, a radiator hisses sometimes. His receptionist answers the phone, saying "Governor Rolvaag's office." The Democrat feels just fine. He may be allowed to come out of the basement very soon now.

For four months, Incumbent Republican Elmer L. Andersen has continued to use the Governor's office in the Minnesota capitol, while Democrat Karl Rolvaag has squatted patiently downstairs. They have been waiting to see who won the election. Last week a three-judge tribunal ruled that Rolvaag led Andersen by 78 votes (out of 1,329,302 cast in November). About all that remains for Andersen's hopes is the possibility of a last-ditch appeal to the State Supreme Court. Said a Rolvaag aide: "It would seem very unlikely Andersen can recover."

### It's a Dog's Life

An old lady died in Pittsburgh not long ago. She was a spinster who wore sensible shoes and no-nonsense hair styles, and she had labored more than 30 years in the dusty routine of a bank. The life of Miss Ida Capers, 72, was a lonely one—except for her dogs. All her life she had had at least two. When she suffered a heart attack in her house last January, her only companions were a pair of Irish setters named Brickland and Sunny Burch.

Ida Capers called them her "girls." At Christmas, she sent out pictures of her dogs, as proud parents send photos of children. Often, the only jewelry she wore was a pin shaped like an Irish setter. Her dogs were her life, but Miss Capers fretted constantly about what might happen when Brickland and Sunny Burch no longer had her to care for them. Who could possibly love them as she had? Determined that her dogs should not suffer, Miss Capers wrote a will—leaving the bulk of her modest estate to the Humane Society of Western Pennsylvania and stipulating that Brickland and Sunny Burch be put to death.

**Strip for Mercy.** When the story of her decision became public, there arose a great outcry from wounded dog lovers. Small children and aging widows dashed off letters and telegrams pleading for the dogs' lives. A Pennsylvania legislator said he would introduce a bill to make it forever illegal for a will to order death for "any living creature, whether it be dogs or goldfish." A dog-food manufacturer offered to feed the dogs for life.

The Philadelphia Inquirer editorialized that maybe Pennsylvania should make the Irish setter its "state dog" to go along with a state flower, state tree and state game bird. The United Irish Societies of Pittsburgh found a lawyer willing to defend the dogs—for free. A dog from the Pittsburgh police K-9 corps found his paw dipped in ink and played in signature across a petition for clemency. A New York striptease dancer, who claims to own 50 dogs, offered to undress in front of the courthouse if it would help save the setters.

**Orphans' Reprieve.** Now enters Pennsylvania's Republican Governor William Scranton, owner of a Labrador retriever. (As a child, his wife had had a pair of Irish setters, but they were shot by a farmer.) Scranton spotted the story in a Pittsburgh paper, interrupted a series of legislative planning meetings to phone an aide and ask, "Can't we do something about this?" Indeed they could. Within



BRICKLAND & SUNNY BURCH\*  
From the governor's hand to a K-9 paw.

hours after the Governor's query, a special assistant attorney general went into Allegheny County Orphans Court, which handles the probate and interpretation of wills, and served notice that the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania wanted to be heard before the dogs died. But even before that, Orphans Court Judge William Rahausser had made up his mind: Brickland and Sunny Burch would not die until Ida Capers' estate is audited. And that, dog lovers learned happily, will take anywhere from six to 15 months.

The feeling is that Miss Capers' dogs will not be executed. There is a new file in the Governor's office now, marked "Dogs Saved from Death." It is stuffed with dozens of messages, most of them offering warm and loving care to Brickland and Sunny Burch. As Governor Scranton said: "I'm sure Miss Capers would feel very good if she knew how many people have now offered to provide her pets with good homes."

\* With Kennel Owner Thomas Miller, who currently has them in his care.

## Back to Life

Richard Nixon arose from the wreckage of his political career—and found that life, after all, is not just a bed of razor blades. Last week, in his first public appearance since last November, he got warm applause after question-and-answer sessions in private clubs in New York and Chicago, held a jovial press conference in Chicago, and appeared on television with Jack Paar.

Insisting that he would "never again run for any public office," Nixon spoke out as "an individual citizen." Most particularly, he criticized the Kennedy Administration's handling of Cuba, and the failure to provide sufficient air cover over the Bay of Pigs. Said he: "When the suggestion is made that President Eisenhower may or may not have planned air cover, I would only suggest this: I cannot imagine the General, who planned the greatest invasion in history, the invasion of Normandy, allowing those 1,500 brave Cubans to go into the Bay of Pigs there without having first destroyed the enemy air power or providing air cover." Nixon also offered his current solution for Cuba: throw up a "partial blockade" to cut off oil shipments to Castro, which would "have the effect, probably, of bringing the Communist government down."

Aside from Cuba, Nixon said that New York's Nelson Rockefeller looks most likely for the 1964 Republican presidential nomination, that President Kennedy can be defeated next year if G.O.P. leaders "learn to enjoy fighting the Kennedy Administration as much as they seem to enjoy fighting each other."

For Nixon it was an immensely pleasant week. At New York's University Club, he appeared before 500 persons, the largest turnout since Winston Churchill spoke there 17 years ago. On the taped Paar show, Nixon joked easily and played an original tune on the piano. Said he to Jack: "You asked whether I had any future political plans to run for anything. If last November didn't finish this, this will, because believe me, the Republicans don't want another piano player in the White House."

### Take Her, She's Yours

Whatever President Kennedy's political problems may be, Republican potentials seem notably reluctant to take him on in 1964. Among the four most widely mentioned possibilities, three last week played like shrinking violets. Said Michigan's Governor George Romney: "I am not a candidate and will not be a candidate." Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton, explaining that this was the 10th time he had moved himself out, deadpanned: "Pennsylvania has no candidate for the presidency, unless Senator Hugh Scott wants to run." Said Arizona's Senator Barry Goldwater: "I'm running for re-election to the Senate—and that's all I'm running for." All these denials presumably cleared the way for New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who just smiled and stepped up his criticism of the Kennedy Administration.



## CITIES

### Cloutier with Conscience

(See Cover)

There sits Buddha, face unfathomable, hooded eyes of blue ice, nose stubborn and strong. Lines like deep parentheses bracket his thin lips; beneath them is a small chin, and beneath that is a big chin. Five-and-a-half feet high, close to 200 lbs. wide, he is swathed in a cautious dark suit from which peeps an embroidered breast-pocket handkerchief with a monogram: R.J.D.

Buddha speaks—and his pronouncements are aphorisms. "Leadership," he says, "has to be formulated on the basis of what's good for Chicago. If something is in the public interest, then it is in

and zeal. New buildings loom high against the slate-grey winter waters of Lake Michigan. Bulldozers cut great swaths through slums; in their wake thousands of new dwellings are being planted. New classrooms keep pace with the growing school population, new expressways cross-hatch the megalopolis, manufacturing and income are steadily climbing. Chicago—once described by home-grown Author Nelson Algren as a city on the make—is a city on the move (see color).

**Some Things Old.** Yet much of the old remains—the sights and sounds that make Chicago Chicago. In the Merchandise Mart (known locally as Fort Kennedy\*), salesmen giant-step down corridors, order pads in hand. In the Palmer House ballroom, conventioners stand at 50-yd.-

quence, complains of Daley's power. "Chicago," he sighs, "is the city of clout."

Clout is Chicago's word for power. And Daley has clout coming out of his ears. Daley's power is pyramidal. It is based on his position as captain of Chicago's Eleventh Ward Democratic Committee. That qualifies him to be a member of the Cook County Democratic Committee—of which he is chairman, making him the political boss of Democratic Chicago. As boss-mayor, he has almost absolute control over the party structure: he picks candidate slates, runs the patronage machinery, works his will on nearly all of the 50 submissive aldermen who comprise Chicago's city council.

Daley hand-picked and, to all intents and purposes, elected Illinois' Democratic Governor Otto Kerner, 54, who is almost pitifully responsive to Daley's wishes. Chicago's nine-member delegation to the U.S. House of Representatives acts on Daley's commands. "I don't even go to the bathroom without checking first," says one Chicago Congressman. Says a White House staffer: "If Daley told 'em to vote for the impeachment of President Kennedy tomorrow, they'd vote for the impeachment of President Kennedy tomorrow." That situation is not likely to occur; Daley is one of Kennedy's closest political allies, has a lightning-fast line to the White House.

**The Use of Power.** But it is not Daley's political power that counts so much in modern Chicago as the way he uses it. Chicago has had boss-mayors with clout before. There was "Big Bill" Thompson (1915-23, 1927-31), a Republican who left a safe-deposit box stuffed with a million and a half dollars in cash when he died. Then there was Democrat Ed Kelly (1933-47), who used his power mostly to throw public projects to his personal and political pal, Contractor Pat Nash. Chicago has also had do-good mayors who had no clout. One of these was Democrat Martin Kennelley (1947-55), whose good intentions were all frustrated by his total lack of political acumen, and who was unseated by Daley in 1955.

Daley differs from his predecessors in that he is a boss-mayor whose power seems to be dedicated to making Chicago a better place. Says he: "The old bosses were not interested in what was good for the public welfare. They were interested only in what was good for themselves. The new objective of leadership is not what you can do for yourself, but what you can do for the people. We're the first of the new bosses—that is, the first of the new leaders."

**Blue Ribbons.** The self-styled new leader is presently enjoying one of the fruits of his power. He is running for a third term (election day: April 2), against Benjamin Adamowski, 56, a Democrat turned Republican, who served as state's attorney from 1956 to 1960 and distinguished himself by never successfully prosecuting a major case. If there is such a thing as a cinch in U.S. politics, Daley is it.

Chicago's four daily papers—all of which are Republican-owned—are either



MAYOR DALEY AT SERVICES FOR MURDERED ALDERMAN  
An absolute boss who knows how to act at a funeral.

ART BRAY

the party's interest. Good government is good politics."

Buddha moves—but only to rub his fingers back and forth across the edge of his desk. That desk, clean of papers, may be the most important place in Chicago. For it is the desk of Mayor Richard Joseph Daley, 60. In Chicago, Daley is boss. Few others understand so well what the city is all about: its labyrinths of power, the pulsators of its machinery, the structure of its institutions, the yearnings of its people. Chicago's motto, I WILL, is Daley's personal and political charter. Buddha though he is, he gets things done. Says a leading businessman: "Nothing ever happens in Chicago without landing on Daley's desk for decision." Daley, with characteristic caution, agrees. "We participate in one way or another," he says, "in the important things that happen."

Making things happen is Daley's passion. "We"—meaning I—"are going to rebuild this city," he says, and he has gone a fair way during his eight years as mayor. Under Daley, Chicago has a new rhythm as exciting as any in the city's lustrous past. A new façade is rising in steel

long buffet tables and discuss medical, academic or mercantile business. On Rush Street, tourists dart in and out of the joints for peekaboos at the girls or for laughs at the comedy revues. In the pit at the Board of Trade, men scurry for the futures. The Chicago Club's doorman bows to a man who may be next in line to head International Harvester. At 63rd and Cottage Grove, the South Side's Times Square, a storefront church proclaims GOD'S CORNER. The Negro heartland swarms with police shuttle cars, dope pushers and pimps. An unwed mother of four cashes her welfare check and picks up three fifths of Four Roses. On the West Side, Mayor Daley attends the full-flowered funeral of murdered Negro Alderman Ben Lewis (TIME, March 8), makes a speech, stands by the open casket to shake hands. And Sheriff Richard Ogilvie the only Republican holding Cook County elective office of any conse-

\* Fort, because it is massive in size—two city blocks, 24 stories high; Kennedy, because old Joe bought it in 1945 for \$12.5 million; it is now worth more than \$75 million.





CHICAGO'S NEWEST apartment house is Bertrand Goldberg's Marina City, 65-story cylinders scalloped round with

balconies. Lower floors serve as ramp garage. Structure has been called Chicago's most amazing since the 1893 Ferris wheel.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY ARTHUR SIEGALL AND ART SHAY



**BUSIEST AIRPORT** in world is Chicago's O'Hare International, which serves 1,020 flights each day. Nearly completed are

new terminal buildings, costing \$18.5 million. To reach farthest of 66 gates, passengers will have to walk nearly a mile.





**MOST SWEEPING URBAN RENEWAL** in city occurred on South Side. After clearing 156 acres, Prairie Shores and Lake

Meadows apartments were built at cost of \$83 million. In right background are Michael Reese Hospital and Lake Michigan.



**GROWING POPULATION** in city has spurred steady trek to suburbs. In last five years,

nearly 140,000 new houses were built on outskirts, including these in Palatine (above).

**MOST BEAUTIFUL WATERFRONT** of any U.S. city belongs to Chicago, which has 2,284 acres of parks overlooking lake, including Lincoln Park (left).





PRESS LORD Marshall Field Jr., 46, owns two Chicago newspapers, an encyclopedia, and heads news syndicate.



MOST-READ COLUMNIST is Chicago Sun-Times's Irv ("Kup") Kupcinet, 50 (left), who is on TV, operates from favorite hangout, Fritzel's.



CHANCELLOR George Beadle, 59, a Nobel winner, has revitalized University of Chicago.



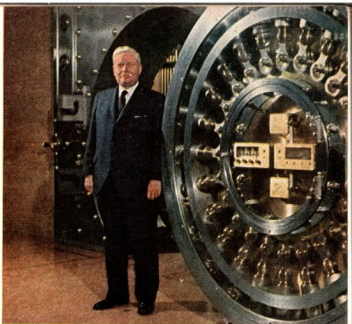
INDUSTRIALIST Joseph L. Block, 60, heads the prosperous Inland Steel Co., founded by grandfather, which now grosses \$760 million.

ANGRY AUTHOR Nelson Algren (*The Man with the Golden Arm*), 53, haunts Chicago's Skid Row, attacks city's "Playboy psychology."





FINANCIER Henry Crown, 66, built Material Service into Chicago construction goliath, is power in Hilton Hotels and General Dynamics.

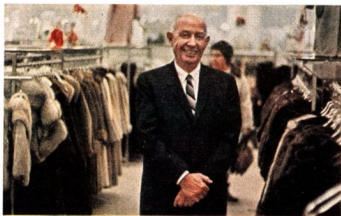


BANKER David M. Kennedy, 57, is chairman of Chicago's largest bank, Continental Illi-

nois, which financed Marina City and redevelopment project, Carl Sandburg Village.



LEADING CATHOLIC PRELATE is Chicago's Albert Cardinal Meyer, 60, who heads largest diocese in U.S., is a strong backer of social reforms.

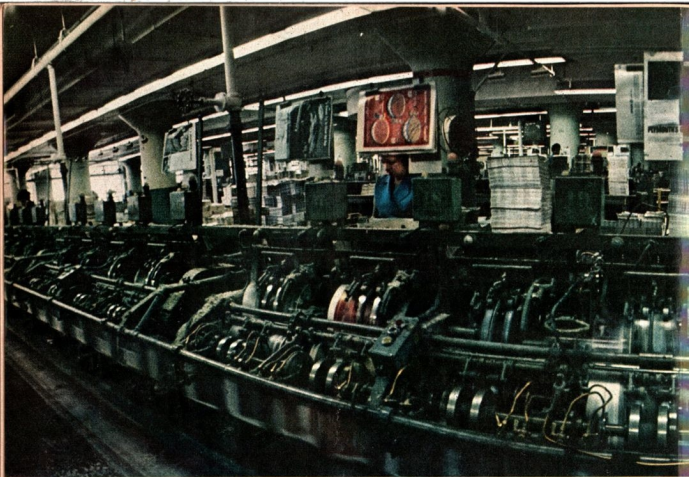


RETAIL WIZARD Austin Cushman, 61, brought Sears, Roebuck increasingly into luxury mink field

last year. As result, nation's biggest mail-order department store chain in 1962 grossed nearly \$5 billion.

NEGRO PUBLISHER John H. Johnson (*Ebony*, *Jet*, *Tan*, *Negro Digest*), 45, is voice of Chicago's South Side, nation's second biggest Negro community.





HUB OF MIDWEST, Chicago has rail, mail-order and publishing firms. R. R. Donnelley & Sons (bindery above) is largest printing company in U.S.

BIGGEST CONVENTION hall in U.S. is new \$35 million McCormick Place, size of six football fields. Area can feed more than 25,000 at single sitting.





LIVELY KEY CLUB is Chicago's Gaslight, where, in "Last Chance Saloon," the curvaceous

waitresses entertain members by dancing on tables. Gun-slinging marshal practices his fast draws.



ART GALLERIES on near North Side contain paintings ranging in price from hundreds to thousands of dollars. B. C. Holland Gal-

lery, one of finest, here exhibits, at left, Willem de Kooning's *Woman No. 5* (\$70,000), in center, Hans Hofmann's *Mecca* (\$14,000).



CHICAGO'S NIGHTCLUB ROW, along Rush Street, awakes at dusk in blaze of neon, is kept alive until dawn by twisters and folk singers, jazz bands and whisky fans, noisy

bars and singing stars. Although Chicago no longer has many hog butchers and stackers of wheat, it is still Carl Sandburg's city: *proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.*





THE DALEYS & FRIEND®  
The First Family's first family.

overtly or covertly for Daley. Many leading Republican businessmen also support him. Says David Kennedy, chairman of the Continental Bank and head of one of Daley's dozen-odd blue-ribbon civic improvement committees: "The mayor's done a good job. Some people might say his weakness is his political ties, but it's really his strength. He's very strong, and he couldn't operate the way he does if he weren't strong politically."

**A Man's Town.** Chicago was practically invented for strongmen. Wrote Rudyard Kipling after visiting Chicago in 1889: "Having seen it, I urgently desire never to see it again. It is inhabited by savages." The hell-raising town that Kipling saw was a burning fuse tossed into the junction of East and West—a brawling, bawdy town of unlagging spirit and adventure. If a city has sex, Chicago is surely male—in its smell of sweat, its feel of muscle, its unceasing masculine drive for power. "There are no ladies in Chicago," an old saying went. "Only widows, wives and girls." Men made the city: Field, Carson, Pirie, Palmer, Altgeld, Sears, Pullman, Armour, McCormick, Swift, Medill.

There was beef on the hoof, grain in the bins, plows and machinery clanking into the prairies beyond. When the Great Fire leveled the city in 1871, men built it again, and so built monuments to themselves. To the railyards, the stockyards and the factories came swarms of immigrants. To the street corners, the slums and the pleasure palaces streamed the sin merchants. The Everleigh girls, two sisters from Kentucky, established the world's most elegant bordello. Reformers and anarchists, empire builders and Pinkertons, clashed in the streets, while hot-eyed sin-slayers sought new souls in their tents.

John D. Rockefeller helped found the University of Chicago, and Louis Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright and Carl Sandburg became the first of many creators to

honor the city in stone and song. As the town stretched out and up, City Planner Daniel Burnham commanded: "Make no little plans, they have no magic to stir men's blood, Make big plans; aim high in hope and work. Let your watchword be order and your beacon beauty."

Blues, booze, breads, beer, hoodle and bums put heat into the city's blood, and a wave of Sicilian mobsters arrived to cool the blood with bullets. The theme of Chicago's World Fair in 1933 was "A Century of Progress"—but its symbol became Sally Rand, who played Lady Godiva while riding bareback (and front).

**Kid with a Hanky.** There can be no understanding of Dick Daley without the realization that he is a product of his city. He was born in 1902. His father Mike was a sheet-metal worker, the son of an Irish immigrant. His mother Lillian was a vigorous woman who divided her energies between raising her only child and working for her neighborhood Roman Catholic Church. The Daleys lived in the impoverished Bridgeport district near the stockyards. "His family was a little better off than the rest of us," recalls an old friend, "Dick was the only kid in the neighborhood who had a handkerchief."

Dick sold newspapers, worked for a vegetable peddler on Saturdays, quit high school to take his first fulltime job as a stockyards cowboy. Often on horseback, he yarded and penned cattle. Having studied shorthand, Daley finally began working regularly in the stockyards office, went nights to law school at De Paul University. Appointed a secretary to the city council at 25, he has been on the public payroll ever since. After graduation, he set up a law office with a partner—but de-

\* The inscription reads: "For Mayor and Mrs. Daley with the very warmest regards of their friend—John F. Kennedy." One Daley child, Richard, now 20, was absent when the picture was taken.

voted himself almost exclusively to politics. In 1936 Daley married an Irish girl, Eleanor Guilfoyle, settled down in a small house in his old neighborhood, where his seven children were born. The Daleys still live in Bridgeport.

**The Rewards.** Chicago's bosses in those days were Mayor Kelly and the 24th Ward's leader, Jake Arvey. In 1936, when a state legislator from Daley's district died, Democratic leaders put Daley's name on the ballot, and Daley won easily. Moving later to the state senate, Daley honed his inborn political instincts, became a valued legman for Kelly and Arvey.

The rewards for faithfulness followed rapidly. In 1949, after helping Arvey to boost Adlai Stevenson into the governorship, Daley was made state revenue director. Fourteen months later, he was appointed, and later elected, county clerk. This was a big job; in effect, Daley was the organization's secretary of state in charge of Cook County patronage and voting machinery. In that job, he could and did build his own political organization.

Dick Daley now made a significant decision. He determined to become mayor of Chicago. To Jake Arvey, this was unthinkable. A behind-the-scenes operator, Arvey devoutly believed that the mayor and the political boss should be two different people; the boss should rule from behind closed doors, and the mayor should stand out front cutting ceremonial ribbons. Arvey had picked Reformer Kennelley to follow Ed Kelly, helped Kennelley get reelected, and now he wanted a third term for Kennelley. Daley protested, "People told me," he says, "that if you're a leader you can't be mayor. That's when I decided to lead my party and be mayor."

**Marshmallow & Mother.** Defying Arvey, Daley jumped into a Democratic primary fight against Kennelley and beat him. Then, in the general election campaign, he turned on Republican Candidate

Robert Merriam, Merriam charged scandal and corruption in Chicago's Democratic government. Daley, realizing that beneath the brazen Chicagoan exterior beats a heart of marshmallow, watered the citizens' eyes with sentimentality.

"I would not unleash the forces of evil," he cried. "It's a lie. I will follow the training my good Irish mother gave me—and Dad. If I am elected, I will embrace mercy, love, charity, and walk humbly with my God." Not even Daley's best friends really believed him. And on the night of his victory, the freewheeling old politicians fairly danced in the streets. Across Chicagoland flew the jubilant cry of a colorful saloonkeeper and alderman named Paddy Bauler. "Chicago," he roared, "ain't ready for reform!"

Perhaps not. But Daley has certainly not been the sort of mayor that Bauler, or anyone else, expected. Says Jake Arvey today: "I've served under five mayors, and I think I know my men. When Daley first became county chairman and then mayor, I did not think it would work out. I felt his work as mayor would be colored by his political obligations, and on that ground I opposed him. I think now I was wrong." The Republican Chicago Tribune (which has backed Democrats on infrequent occasions) agrees. When Daley was running for his second term, the Trib editorialized: "He is just about the most effective leader of a political party that this city has seen in living memory."

**Cementing an Alliance.** Hardly had he taken office than Daley showed just how much a real politician could accomplish. For years, the Democratic city of Chicago and the generally Republican state of Illinois had been at a financial impasse; each needed more sales-tax revenue, but neither could get it without mutual support in the state legislature. Daley paid a call on Republican Governor William Stratton and came to an agreement—a half-cent for the state, a half-cent for Chicago. In one hour's work in Stratton's office, Daley picked up additional revenue for Chicago that now runs about \$24 million a year. Stratton also agreed to help push through long-needed legislation to give Chicago home rule. With this power in his pocket, Daley could extract from the ward dukes of his city council a large measure of subservience; he had control over contracts, budgets and jobs. After a series of battles in the council, Daley succeeded in transforming the aldermen into a civic chowder-and-marching society.

Now unchallenged king of Illinois Democrats, he was ready to turn his hand to national prince-making. Although cool toward Adlai Stevenson for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1956, Daley could not really go against his fellow Illinoisan. But he could fight against Tennessee's Senator Estes Kefauver, that intrepid fellow whose crime investigations had caused all sorts of trouble in Daley's Democratic Chicago. Having lost out to Adlai for the top spot, Keef was now after the nomination for Vice President. Daley set out to block him—and he selected as his own candidate Senator John Kennedy, whose shrewd, cool, political

acumen he had come to like. Daley's delegation was the first to announce a major break to Kennedy's candidacy. The tension that followed the first and indecisive balloting at the convention was the most electric political moment of the year: at one point Kennedy stood within 38½ votes of the nomination, only to teeter and fall back. A breath-taking near miss it was for Kennedy, but one of the by-products of the experience was a Kennedy-Daley alliance that still exists.

Between 1956 and 1960, Daley was a key supporter and consultant in Kennedy's race for the presidential nomination. At the party convention in Los Angeles, Daley sat Buddha-like while a Stevenson demonstration enveloped the floor. He exhibited emotion only once: when a Stevensonite grabbed the Illinois stand-



WILSON & EMPLOYEE  
Better than money can buy.

ard out of his hands, Daley boiled up a black rage.

For Election Day 1960, Daley had predicted a Chicago plurality of 450,000 votes for Kennedy. The margin was actually 456,000—giving Kennedy a statewide edge of 8.858. Daley was unworried by the fact that investigators later turned up voting irregularities involving no fewer than 677 election judges in 133 Chicago precincts. So, obviously, was Kennedy. On the day after his inauguration, he posed in the White House for pictures with the Daley family, autographed one for the mayor. "Do you know," says Daley with great pride, "that we were the first family the President received?"

**Robber Cops.** Turning once again to his city, Daley resumed his campaign to rebuild Chicago's façade and to weed the

jungle behind it. There was, for example, the Chicago police department. It was almost legend that Chicago's cops were the best that money could buy—and they could be bought easily. Public respect for the police had never been high, but it hit its nadir in 1960, when a two-bit thief blew the whistle on eight cops who were part of a burglary ring. The policemen had even used their patrol cars to haul away the loot, which over a two-year period amounted to about \$100,000 in TV sets and electrical appliances.

In his inimitably bland fashion, Daley vowed a cleanup, sent off to the University of California for Criminology Professor Orlando W. Wilson. He named Wilson superintendent of police, pledged him a free hand, saw to it that the department got more than \$15 million in extra funds and more than 2,000 additional men. Wilson's reorganization gives Chicagoans better police service than they have ever had before. He has raised department morale, giving the city's citizens reasonable assurance that their cops will not turn out to be robbers. With such achievements, it makes little difference that Wilson has yet to catch a real live mobster; he finds only dead people on office floors, like Alderman Lewis, or dead in car trunks or sewers.

**"It Took Guts."** Much of Daley's time is consumed by Chicago's explosive race problem. The city's Negro population, always sizable, began to mushroom in the early '50s. From the South came waves of Negro families seeking jobs, housing or welfare handouts. They flooded the South and West Sides like the waters from a broken dam. White families hastily moved away—usually to the suburbs—leaving the Negro tide to lap up neighborhood after neighborhood.

The effect of the Negro migration on Chicago has been overwhelming. In 1950 Negroes comprised 13.6% of the city's population; they now make up 25.8% of the total.<sup>6</sup> The Negro segment of the school population has swelled to 48% of the elementary school pupils, 34% of the high schoolers. Negroes represent 65% of Chicago's jail inmates, 42% of the unemployed, 90% of those getting aid to dependent children, 50% of the school dropouts. Against such staggering statistics, Mayor Daley has made urban renewal and slum clearance his priority program. On the Near North Side, on the West, on the South Side, the city has built, or is planning, 27 housing projects covering 19 sq. mi. of blight. So far, \$900 million has been committed to the program; 40,000 dilapidated buildings have been torn down or refurbished, leaving 24,000 more for Daley's bulldozers.

In his massive effort, Daley has encountered formidable opposition. Many Negroes who refer to urban renewal as "Negro removal," mutter that "Dick Daley may be the last white Mayor of Chicago." Daley's own Roman Catholic

<sup>6</sup> Democrats have since pointed out that no accusations have been proved in court, and that the difference in votes would not have affected Kennedy's Illinois victory anyway.

<sup>6</sup> Negroes account for 14% of New York City's population, 26.4% of Philadelphia's, 13.5% of Los Angeles, 28.6% of St. Louis', 28.9% of Detroit's, 53.9% of Washington's.



WEST SIDE CHILDREN  
On the move.

ART SHAY

Church mounted campaigns against many of his projects. The apparent reason: Daley's programs remove Negroes from their ghettos, send them into white neighborhoods, send white residents fleeing, and leave Catholic parish houses and churches bereft of their congregations—and contributions. Nonetheless, Daley has continued to fight for his program. Recalls Banker David Kennedy of Daley's difficulties in promoting the Hyde Park-Kenwood Project near the University of Chicago campus: "There was tremendous political opposition, and very strong opposition from the Catholic Church. The church attacked the whole thing. But Daley hand-carried the proposal through the commissioners and pushed it through." Agrees University of Chicago Chancellor George Beadle: "It took guts."

**Fall & Rise.** Whatever it took, it was worth it. For the University of Chicago, once a renowned haven for brilliant teachers and bright scholars, had fallen into sad estate. The South Side area around the 125-acre campus had become Chicago's worst slum. The university was losing many of those brilliant teachers, and was becoming the school that no bright scholar should really want to go to.

The problem was plain—but immensely difficult to correct. Well-meaning Mayor Kennelley had announced plans for a 900-acre renewal program, but was never able to translate those plans into substantive action. It remained for Daley, using every instrument of his political power, to make the project really move. He teamed up with Julian Levi, the university's own slum-clearance leader, adopted and reinforced Levi's organized community assaults on greedy landlords and local crime. Today, the area's deterioration has been stemmed with the construction of nearly 2,000 housing units, as well as shopping facilities and new university additions.

**Second City.** Thanks largely to its improved surroundings, the university has begun again to play its proper part in Chicago's vibrant cultural climate. In the past, that climate had nurtured the talents of such innovators as Sullivan, Wright and Mies van der Rohe, Frank Norris (*The Octopus*), Sherwood Anderson (*Winesburg, Ohio*), Carl Sandburg, James T. Farrell (*Studs Lonigan*), and the "Chicago School" of jazz. Today, Chicago is characteristically self-conscious about its "second city" creativity, even though young people like Shelley Berman, Negro Dick Gregory, Bob Newhart and Nichols & May have all sparked new trends in comedy entertainment and other theatrical forms—notably the cerebral cabaret satire of the highly acclaimed Second City players. Negro Playwright (*Raisin in the Sun*) Lorraine Hansberry has great promise, and Negro Poetess Gwendolyn Brooks has won a Pulitzer Prize. The Chicago Symphony, once in a sorry state, now ranks among the nation's best. The nine-year-old Lyric Opera and scores of smaller music groups have faithful followings, while attendance at indoor art exhibitions has increased by more than 30% in the past few years; the Art Institute alone is visited by one million people annually.

**Credit to Boot.** The counterpoint to all this is played by Chicago's economic activity. Its geography, from the city's birth, made Chicago a key factor in trade. As rail lines marked it like tracer bullets, it became a Goliath, took on even more muscle when the St. Lawrence Seaway opened still another economic channel.

Though Sandburg's "hog butcher for the world" is no more (many of the slaughterhouses have moved out), Chicago remains a mercantile and industrial center for the nation. Its wholesale and retail trade runs better than \$33 billion a year. The city handles more freight cars daily—26,000—than New York and St. Louis combined, boasts terminals for 20 rail

lines. Its motor arteries are clogged by 800,000 truck trips daily. Its McCormick Place is the nation's biggest convention hall, plays host to organizations that spend more than \$200 million a year in Chicago. Its share of the gross national product is \$28.7 billion. Its steadily climbing industrial capacity has reached total gross sales of \$23.2 billion; now the leading steel producer in the nation, Chicago turned out one-fifth of the nation's steel in 1962. Chicago's per capita debt is only \$206, and the city has a prime credit rating to boot.

**Imperishable.** Despite that record, Chicago's Mayor Daley plows indefatigably on, seeking still further improvement. He works an 18-hour day, carries pencil and paper on which he jots streams of ideas in shorthand, commands instantaneous action from his political underlings. "He keeps prodding you all the time," says one. He has thousands of friends, but few close ones. "He's like a post office clerk sorting mail," says one associate. "He keeps men in slots. In a general human sense of trusting somebody, the only person really close to him is his wife." Daley's entire attention is devoted to Chicago and to every facet of the city's life. "Ever been to a ball game with Daley?" asks Real Estate Man James Downs. "If the White Sox are losing 10 to 1, he thinks in the next inning they're going to tie it up. He never lets up."

Daley's stubborn resolve to rebuild his city has given Chicago a new stature. At the same time, its old vitality happily continues to beat out the jazzy cacophony that gives Chicago its rowdy rhythm and its imperishable lustiness. Chicago can no more do without its bawdy peep shows or its cackling Paddy Baulers than it can do without its Fields, its Swifts—and its Dick Daleys. In its own broad-shouldered way, in its anatomy and in the art of its clout, in its indestructible zest for life, Chicago is a man among cities.



ARTHUR SIEGEL

MICHIGAN AVENUE  
On the way, with stomach and sense and satire.



# THE HEMISPHERE

## CANADA

### Four-Way Split

Less than a year after one national election, Canadians are deep in another, involving the same national leaders, the same issues and slogans, and the melancholy prospect that the results on April 8 will be as inconclusive as the last time. For although Prime Minister John Diefenbaker is given less chance to squeak through again, there seems to be no national consensus, or leadership, capable of effectively uniting the western farmers, Ontario factory workers, underemployed Nova Scotia coal miners, or Quebec's restless French Canadians, who seem more and more anxious to move into a separate world of their own. In Vancouver's Executive Club last week, a member complained: "Yesterday, for the first time in

off moments. A onetime university professor, Canadian External Affairs Secretary, and 1957 Nobel Peace prizewinner for his work on the Korea and Suez crises at the U.N., Pearson is respected at home and abroad. But he is hardly the knock-'em-dead campaign politician. He seemed out of place before large rallies, despite a talent for the bright line and the quick quip. When Diefenbaker grandly announced that he would not debate against his competitors on TV because "I have no competitors," Pearson found it "a trifle egotistical of him. In the most kindly way, I would suggest to him that he must not let failure go to his head."

**The Provinces & the Demagogue.** The prairie provinces, from which Diefenbaker comes, are enjoying a farm prosperity, and will probably remain loyal to him—as they did last time. But Ontario and

Caolette's slogan is "National unity, yes; assimilation, never!" For French Canadians, he says, "we did more in a few weeks in Ottawa than all the old-line parties since Confederation. We were the yeast of the last Parliament. Give us 60 seats or more this time and I can tell you that you have seen nothing yet." He has no hope of carrying more than his own province, but could deny Pearson a clear-cut victory and become a man to reckon with when it comes time to form a coalition.

## ARGENTINA

### Freedom to Maneuver

Buenos Aires was still half asleep one morning last week when the military men who run the country made a crucial political move. From hot, muggy Martin Garcia Island in the River Plate 30 miles

BARON KENNEDY—CAPITAL PRESS



DOUGLAS

WACHNERSON—TORONTO DAILY STAR



DIEFENBAKER

PEARSON

And there's the possibility that they have seen nothing yet.

DWIGHT E. SOLAN



CAOLETTE

my life, my wife asked me how to vote in the election." He paused. "And you know something? For the first time in my life, I couldn't tell her."

**"Vote Canadian."** His Cabinet splintered, his campaign coffers badly depleted, his candidacy denounced by three of the country's four leading Conservative newspapers, Diefenbaker made what he could of his underdog role. Playing it all the way, he compared himself to Harry Truman, giving 'em hell in 1948. "Let 'em have it, John," sang out his loyal Conservative supporters. But Diefenbaker did not have much ammunition. Lacking real issues, he turned his prairie-evangelist oratory on Liberal Party "obstructionism," cried that the Liberals had sabotaged his parliamentary program—which, in fact, the dillydallying Diefenbaker government never actually presented in full to Parliament for debate. Though he promised not to run an anti-U.S. campaign, Diefenbaker found subtle ways to bring up U.S. meddling in Canadian affairs. In Winnipeg, Man., he appeared beneath a banner urging "Vote Canadian, Vote Conservative," a slogan thought up by a local Esso dealer and described by a Tory strategist "as the only way of being anti-American without letting your slip show."

If Diefenbaker played Truman, Liberal Party Leader Lester Pearson sounded discouragingly like Adlai Stevenson in his

Quebec, the two most populous provinces, where 160 of the Commons' 265 seats are concentrated, seem lost to Diefenbaker. Ontario is considered Liberal territory, and Pearson may well pick up enough seats there for a plurality in Parliament. The balance of power, as in the last Parliament, would then probably lie with two smaller splinter parties. In the unpredictable far west, T. C. ("Tommy") Douglas's laborite New Democratic Party is likely to gain a few seats. And in crucial Quebec, the swing seems to be to the Social Credit party of a back-country demagogue named R  al Caolette.

Considered something of a clown in last year's election, Caolette, a small-town Chrysler dealer who had built up a wide following for his Sunday TV tirades in French, startled everyone by building Social Credit's Quebec strength from zero to 26 seats. This time, touring the province in a gold-colored Chrysler, Caolette has the added advantage of confidence. His platform is stunningly simple: pacifism and prosperity—"Nuclear arms, no; bread and butter, yes!" With it goes an espousal of the old Social Credit "funny money" doctrine (each man should get a cash payment representing his share of the difference between money in circulation and the gross national product) that Caolette says no one need understand to vote for. On the status of French Canada,

north of the capital, a military transport buzzed aloft carrying ousted President Arturo Frondizi, his daughter, his private secretary and 2½ tons of Frondizi's belongings, mostly books. A few hours later Frondizi alighted at San Carlos de Bariloche, a summer fishing and winter ski resort in the Argentine Andes, 850 miles southwest of Buenos Aires.

Nearly a year after his overthrow, Frondizi, noticeably heavier and his hair gone white, was still technically under arrest. But times—and his fortunes—have changed. Frondizi's first stop was a comfortable, Swiss-style chalet overlooking a lake 13 miles outside of Bariloche. But when he complained that it was too remote from his friends, the government obligingly moved him to a hotel nearer town. Frondizi's visitors, so tightly limited by the military when he was on Martin Garcia, will be limited only by Frondizi's wishes and Bariloche's remoteness from the capital.

In one of those curious twists that Argentina's tangled politics takes, moderate military commanders now believe that the Frondizi they once feared may hold the key to the elections next June 23. The soldiers fear even more the 3,000,000-man political organization left behind in 1955 by ousted Dictator Juan Per  n. Still the most powerful political force in the country, the Peronistas are hated by the officers



who overthrew the dictator—and who turned out Frondizi when, a year ago, he permitted Peronistas to run in congressional and provincial elections, in which they scored impressive triumphs.

Frondizi's new role, as the military men see it, is to negotiate a national front between his Intransigent Radicals, the Peronistas and other parties. At Bariloche, Frondizi will have the freedom to negotiate such a coalition. The agile Frondizi seems agreeable to the idea. Whether the Peronistas will participate in such a national front is less clear. So far they insist on full legality for themselves or nothing.

## PERU

### When the Brass Fall Out

It was a defiant show. In his beribboned cavalryman's uniform, General Ricardo Pérez Godoy, 50, head of the four-man military junta that took over Peru after inconclusive elections last year, sat stiffly in the ornate *Salón Blanco* of Lima's pres-

Promising a "new Peru," Pérez Godoy pushed through a 24% increase in the budget and decreed new taxes to pay for it, including a \$1-a-ton levy on anchovies that provoked a strike and threatened to close down the thriving fishmeal industry. And when he refused to approve the construction of a new hospital for Vargas Prada's air force and six new ships for Torres Matos' national steamship line, the other junta members turned on him.

**Pressured Promise.** Politically, Pérez Godoy was generally in favor of carrying out the promised June elections even if they should result in a victory for the leftist-turned-moderate APRA Party of Victor Raúl Haya de la Torre. The other junta members, more responsive to the sentiments of old-line army men who remember bloody clashes with the Apristas in the 1930s, were not so sure. But Peruvians outside the barracks, particularly Haya's main rivals—nationalist Architect Fernando Belaúnde Terry and ex-Army Strongman Manuel Odría—insisted

to twelve-acre *ejidos* and given to peasants. The bite-sized plots often prove so uneconomical that the peasant can barely eke out a living, let alone buy modern farm equipment. Nature, too, seems to be working against the farmer. Less than 75 million acres, or about one-sixth of Mexico's generally dry, mountainous terrain, are arable, and on those cultivated areas water is in steadily diminishing supply.

Nowhere is the problem more pressing than in La Laguna, a 2,000-sq.-mi. farm belt in north central Mexico that is a sort of microcosm of the ills afflicting the Mexican farmer. For years, La Laguna was rich and productive, watered by late summer showers and the Nazas and Aguanaval rivers. More than half of the country's cotton came from the area. Then 15 years ago, the rains tailed off, the rivers began drying up, and the crops dwindled to half their former size. Now, over a year's time, ten times more water evaporates than falls in rain.



JUNTA MEMBERS VARGAS PRADA, LINDLEY, PÉREZ GODOY & TORRES MATOS  
And then one went home.

CORNELL CAPA—MAGNUM

idential palace listening to the complaints of two fellow junta members. Air Force Major General Pedro Vargas Prada and Vice Admiral Francisco Torres Matos. The midnight callers gave him an ultimatum: resign or be driven out. Replied Pérez Godoy: "I refuse to leave. It is too late now to continue this conversation. I am going to retire."

His bravado was vain. Warned that his comrades-in-arms were determined to remove him, Pérez Godoy had tried to rally support among provincial military commanders and among civilians working toward new presidential elections in June. All his efforts failed. Just before dawn, Pérez Godoy got into a car with his wife Lola and drove off to his suburban home. The junta's next man in line, Army General Nicolas Lindley, 55, swiftly moved into the presidency.

**More Equal.** According to his fellow soldiers, Pérez Godoy was growing too attached to his job as senior man among the junta's four "co-Presidents." First, he decided that he and his wife should live in the palace while the other junta members and their wives stayed home. Next, his wife, who presumably shared authority with the three other junta wives in running the National Board for Social Assistance, seemed to want to be more equal than the others. Then Pérez Godoy started issuing orders on his own.

that the promised elections be held. Under this pressure, the new three-man junta renewed its "unswerving decision to hold elections next June 9." New President Lindley, who cherishes no affection whatsoever for Haya and APRA, felt compelled to announce that "so far as I know, there is no army veto against any party, and specifically not against Haya."

## MEXICO

### Looking for Water

In many ways, the Mexican economy appears as hardy as a flowering desert cactus, a bright contrast to its hemisphere neighbors. For 1962, according to the Bank of Mexico, Latin America's third-biggest nation pushed its gross national product 4.2% higher than 1961; manufacturing output rose 3.2%, total investment was up 6%, and merchandise exports climbed 12.1%. Thus nourished, Mexico is fast developing a middle class.

But Mexico, for all its real advances, is still largely an agricultural nation; farming provides work for nearly half its 37 million population. In recent years, the farmers have not been able to match the country's industrial boom.

**Too Little Land.** One reason is Mexico's overenthusiastic land reform, whereby most of the big haciendas have been atomized into thousands of tiny, four-

"It Rains Dust." At the Lázaro Cárdenas irrigation dam, the waters barely touch the base of the wall. The dam holds only one-eighth of its 3.2-billion-cu.-meter capacity. For the first time since the dam was completed in the 1940s, no water will be available this year to irrigate the newly seeded cotton fields below. It has not rained at all this year, and in 1962 only six inches of rain fell, the lowest record in memory. "In La Laguna," goes the expression, "it doesn't rain water, it rains dust." Last month, 30 blue-painted trucks with the federal government's CONASUPO relief agency emblem arrived to start distributing food. CONASUPO used to operate only in Mexico City. But now, says La Laguna operations director Gilberto Martínez, "there's more suffering here than in Mexico City. There are cases of children getting no meals a day."

The government is preparing a bold experiment for La Laguna: it hopes to resettle some 3,000 families in the verdant coastal areas near the Guatemalan border. This week the government is chartering 15 buses to carry 500 *ejidatarios* to Campeche for a look at some of the new lands. Campeche is an undeveloped land of savannah and jungle. But it has plenty of water—an average rainfall of 46 in. annually—and perhaps the northern farmers can make a go of it there.

# THE WORLD

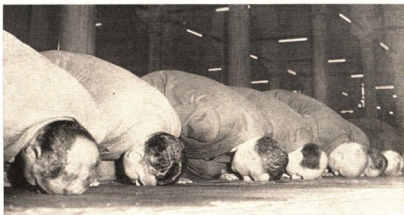
## MIDDLE EAST

### Spreading Infection

In the Middle East, revolution is reaching epidemic proportions. A revolt in Yemen last September ousted the centuries-old dynasty of the Imam and installed a "republic" that has ever since been propped up by 20,000 Egyptian troops sent in by Gamal Abdel Nasser. In two bloody days' work last month, Iraqi army officers deposed and killed psychotic Dictator Abdul Karim Kassem. Last week, on a quiet, grey Friday morning, the infection reached Syria.

**Broken Bonds.** Everyone knew it was coming, from Syria's strongman, General Abdel Karim Zahreddin, down to the lowliest private in the army. When Zahreddin severed Syria's union with Egypt 17 months ago, he had profited from the nation's revulsion against the police state and harsh economic controls imposed by Nasser. But Syrians, passionate believers in Arab unity, also felt guilty about breaking the bonds. Wispy President Nazem El-Koudsi sighed, "The trouble with Syrians is that we are never concerned with just our own problems but with issues affecting all Arabs."

The regime survived three major and countless minor conspiracies, but once Iraq rebelled against Dictator Kassem in the name of Arab unity, the Syrian regime was doomed. Six Cabinet ministers resigned discreetly, and when members of the Baath (Renaissance) party were asked to replace them, they refused. Desperate President Koudsi eagerly offered to unite



NASSER & CABINET AT PRAYER  
I and my cousin against the foreigner.

Syria with the new revolutionary government of Iraq but received no official reply from Baghdad. Schools were closed to prevent student demonstrations against the government, and tanks and armored cars patrolled the streets of Damascus.

The revolution came as quietly as a sunrise. General Zahreddin suspected Colonel Mohammed Hariri, chief of the southern front command, of being a top conspirator and ordered him sent out of the country as military attaché to Jordan. Hariri refused to go, and the entire southern command backed him up. An armored column moved out from the Badani military camp and entered Damascus, where the tanks patrolling the streets quickly joined the rebels. Scarcely a shot was fired as Syria changed its allegiance. Tempers were so cool that President Koudsi was allowed to remain at home with his family. Premier Khaled El-Azm, who lived beside the Turkish embassy, simply slipped next door and was given political asylum.

Damascus radio went on the air proclaiming the Baathist slogans of "Unity, Freedom, Socialism." A jubilant Syrian army officer at a border post said, "We want unity, not with Nasser, but with all Arabs." As in Iraq, the Syrian National Council of the Revolutionary Command insisted on anonymity. The new 20-man Cabinet has only two military men, and the Baath party is strongly represented. New Premier Salah El-Bitar, 45, is a former Syrian Foreign Minister and a Baathist with strong sympathies toward Arab unity. A tall, hulking Damascus man with dark, brooding eyes and brilliant hair, he once signed a manifesto denouncing union with Egypt, but later advocated close federal ties.

**Two in One.** Two revolutions within a single month have thus put the Baathists into power in two nations stretching from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf. The Baath party strongly emphasizes unity with all Arab states, including Egypt, but rejects dictatorship by anyone, in-

cluding Nasser. Its philosophy calls for *ittihad*, loose federation, and pledges overall allegiance to *uruba*, a pervasive Pan-Arabism. When news of the Syrian revolt reached the Iraqi capital of Baghdad, a military parade was transformed into a victory celebration, with long lines of citizens and students snake-dancing through the city. In Cairo, Nasser's men hailed the new Syrian regime. It seems probable that Nasser will profit from his past mistakes and settle for a coalition of "liberated" Arab states governed by Baathists and pro-Nasserites but retaining their separate identities and sovereignties.

The revolutionary wave next threatens the monarchies of Jordan and Saudi Arabia, which have bitterly opposed Nasser's intervention in Yemen and have no love for the unity proposals of the Baath party. The beleaguered kingdoms last week seemed to be girding for a last-ditch stand. King Hussein alerted his Arab Legion, the most efficient fighting force in the Arab world. Prince Feisal, Premier of Saudi Arabia, protested that Egyptian planes had bombed Saudi towns on the Yemen border and angrily declared, "Let the world know that we are not afraid of war. We Saudis are indeed the children of war. If we have to die, then let us die with honor. Unless these attacks, provocations and childish acts end, then this country will turn the tables and turn the aggressors head over heels."

**Positive Way.** The United Nations' special envoy to the Middle East, Dr. Ralph Bunche, last week visited the republican areas of Yemen as part of the U.N. effort to prevent the Arabized nation from becoming an international battleground. Yemen had delayed Bunche's visit until an Egyptian armored column could seize the formerly royalist-held town of Marib, and then exhibited it to Bunche as evidence of republican control of the country. After a 60-minute session with Yemen's Strongman Abdullah Sallal, Bunche declared, "I was most impressed by his earnestness, sincer-



PRINCE FEISAL REVIEWING PARADE  
I and my brother against my cousin.

ity, strength and seriousness of purpose."

Stopping off in Cairo on his way home, Bunche conferred for two hours with Nasser, then saw newsmen. He emphasized that the Yemeni people he saw supported Sallal's government "in a positive way." The radio voice of the royalist tribesmen fighting to restore the Imam plaintively begged Bunche to visit the areas they controlled "and see the real truth—see the roads, ravines and mountains of Yemen littered with Egyptian dead." But, on this trip at least, Ralph Bunche was satisfied to draw his conclusions from one side only. Later, the U.N. let it be known that he plans to visit the Imam on a separate journey in the near future.

**Hard Look.** In 1958, the last time there was a big revolutionary crisis in the Middle East, the U.S. rushed 14,000 marines and troops to Lebanon. Last week the U.S. role was far more ambivalent. Washington sent a message to Nasser expressing "grave concern" at continued Egyptian bombing of Saudi Arabia. Instead of marines, the U.S. sent veteran Diplomat Ellsworth Bunker to Saudi Arabia to reassure the understandably nervous Prince Faisal. U.S. policy seems aimed at safeguarding the territorial integrity of Jordan and Saudi Arabia from aggression beyond their borders, not in maintaining the monarchs in power against their own people. In Israel, Premier David Ben-Gurion interrupted a vacation to confer with his defense chiefs.

The revolution in Syria is unlikely to be the final firecracker on the string. Baathist and Nasserite elements are known to be at work in Jordan, especially among the Palestinian Arabs. Saudi Arabia can no longer trust its small air force or even the officer corps of its regular army. If it comes to fighting, the Saudi rulers will depend on their "white army," the Bedouin tribesmen traditionally loyal to the King. But if the road ahead looks rough for the monarchies, it by no means is smooth for the "liberated" states, since victory most often presents only new occasions for quarrels, in keeping with the Arab proverb that says, "I and my brother against my cousin; I and my cousin against the foreigner."

## Kim

One night last January, Harold Adrian Russell Philby, 51, a British journalist based in Lebanon, headed off for an appointment, telling his wife Eleanor that he would join her later in the evening at a dinner party at the Beirut home of a British embassy official. Philby not only did not show up at the party, but dropped out of sight in Beirut altogether.

In a city from which journalists are always fading into the desert for weeks at a time, the prolonged absence of a correspondent seldom creates much of a stir. But last week Philby's disappearance had become the subject of international investigation and was rattling a twelve-year-old skeleton in the closet of Britain's Foreign Office. For Philby had been accused in the House of Commons of being the "third man" in the 1951 defection to

Russia of Communist Spies Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess.

**Guest Room for Guy.** Son of St. John Philby, the famed desert explorer and Arab scholar, "Kim" Philby carried on an undergraduate flirtation with Communism at Cambridge, where he first knew Burgess. After covering the Spanish Civil War for the London Times, he joined M.I.6—Britain's overseas intelligence branch—during World War II, won the Order of the British Empire for his espionage work. After the war, he transferred to the Foreign Service, in 1949 was posted to the British embassy in Washington as first secretary and chief of security. Though crowded in a house with his second wife and five children, Philby welcomed as a boarder his old Cambridge friend, Guy Burgess, now a junior embassy officer—and a full-fledged Soviet undercover agent.

A year later, with an investigation pending, Burgess and Maclean danced out of Britain a step ahead of the British police. Rumors persisted that the pair had been warned by a government official that the heat was on, and in 1955 a Labor M.P. rose in the House of Commons to accuse Philby of being the tipster. Admitting that Philby had been asked to resign from the Foreign Office because of his friendship with Burgess, Harold Macmillan, then Foreign Secretary, otherwise completely cleared him of any charge of treason or of being the "so-called 'third man,' if indeed there was one." But despite the official exoneration, doubts remained, which were in no way dispelled by Kim Philby's refusal to disavow his friendship with Burgess. "There are fair-weather friends and foul-weather friends,"

he said, "and I prefer to belong to the second category."

**Cables from Cairo.** Out of the Government and divorced from his wife, Philby returned to newspapering; seven years ago he went to the Middle East for the Economist and the Observer and married his third wife, Eleanor, whose former husband is Sam Pope Brewer, once the New York Times's Middle East correspondent. Shy and mild-mannered, Philby sometimes drank heavily, last Christmas took a tipsy fall, gashing his head so badly that 24 stitches were needed to close the wound.

After his disappearance, Philby's wife first notified Beirut police, then called them off after receiving the first of several letters and cables from her husband sent from Cairo. Though she maintained that Philby was off on a story, neither the Observer nor the Economist knew anything about an assignment. Finally, the two papers asked the Egyptian and Lebanese authorities to investigate. Officials of both countries reported that there was no record either of Philby's leaving Lebanon or entering Egypt. To quiet the trackers, Eleanor Philby last week displayed another cable, sent from Cairo's Cosmopolitan Hotel. "All going well," it read. "Arrangements our reunion proceeding satisfactorily. Letters with all details following soon. All love, Kim Philby."

Eleanor Philby claimed that the "reunion" was for their wedding anniversary—which, however, was last Jan. 24. In Cairo, authorities said that Philby had not registered at the Cosmopolitan Hotel and that the signature on the telegraph blank did not match his.

A Beirut paper reported that Philby had been seen in Prague. In Moscow, Guy Burgess said he had not seen his old friend.



JANE BROWN—LONDON OBSERVER  
JOURNALIST PHILBY  
Off on quite a story.



## FRANCE

### The Determined Ones

Once again, gunmen were at work in the streets of Paris, and Frenchmen huddled anxiously to speculate on the next moves of that ugly remnant of Algerian hatred, the Secret Army Organization. Each day's headlines brought some new reason for fear.

First, there was the murder of Henri Lafond, 68, president of the Banque de l'Union Parisienne, France's second largest investment bank. In the fashionable Paris suburb of Neuilly one morning last week, he set out for his office but got no farther than the back seat of his chauffeur-driven

Anatole-France, forced the president to open the safe, and made off with \$80,000 in gold and currency. In Beaune, 170 miles southeast of Paris, thieves looted the safe-deposit boxes of a local bank, getting away with an estimated \$2,000,000 in cash and jewelry.

As if in reply to the S.A.O.'s shooters and looters, a military court last week handed down harsh judgments for the nine captive members of another S.A.O. group which had tried to assassinate De Gaulle in the Paris suburb of Petit-Clamart last August. For the ringleaders, the penalty was death. Ex-Lieut. Colonel Jean-Marie Bastien-Thiry heard the sentence impassively, but flinched when the

at a German *Gasthof* near the Swiss border, and this week was discovered by Bavarian police in the area. A month earlier he had slipped over to London, where press photographers were allowed to photograph him on the streets as a gesture of defiance to Paris.

It did no particular good to Anglo-French relations when the BBC put on a ten-minute film interview with Exile Bidault last week. Bidault wearily and evasively answered questions in French, to the embarrassment of British police, who were not even aware the fugitive was in the country. The French were sure it all had to do with British bitterness at De Gaulle's veto of Britain in the Common Market, though it seemed more likely just the work of an enterprising BBC television news team.

In any case, the clever work of the gunmen loose in Paris last week showed that the French police might profitably forget the activities of an elderly exile like Georges Bidault and give priority to the gunmen at home. By week's end, there was no trace of either Henri Lafond's killer or the other S.A.O. marauders who were sworn to kill Charles de Gaulle—and to put France into chaos if necessary to achieve the task.

### To the Mines!

For all the excited headlines, S.A.O. terrorism was hardly Charles de Gaulle's main concern last week. Far graver was the challenge to his authority posed by France's economy. It took the form of a spreading labor strike led by 188,000 stubborn miners concentrated in the grim coal districts of northern France. Three rival unions (Roman Catholic, Socialist, Communist) were out of the pits in a joint demand for a 12% pay boost to compensate for the creeping inflation that has wiped out much of their purchasing power in the past three years.

De Gaulle's reply was in the authoritarian tradition of an angry old soldier. He put his signature to a special decree that has the effect of drafting the strikers into the national service. Such orders can be signed by the Premier; by issuing it himself, De Gaulle put his own prestige on the line against the strikers.

As strategists, the miners turned out to be worthy opponents. Though tempted to strike earlier because of the swiftly rising cost of living, the miners held off until France's coal stocks had been used up by the bitter cold of the past months. When the strike was only a few days old, factories began to shut down from lack of fuel. Support for the miners came from all sides. Roman Catholic Bishop Gérard Huyghe of Arras publicly stated that their conditions must be improved. In Paris, 3,000 university students demonstrated for the strikers, shouting "De Gaulle to the mines!" The Wine Dealers Association promised to send 2,600 gallons of red wine to the beer-drinking miners. Other unions pulled short sympathy strikes: railroad workers quit for 15 minutes; gas and electric workers walked out for two



GEORGES BIDAULT IN LONDON  
Right there on the common.

Rover. A stocky stranger, wearing a grey hat, a light raincoat and red gloves, opened the rear door and inquired, "*Etes-vous Monsieur Lafond?*" At Lafond's nod, he pumped two bullets into his victim's abdomen, then shot the chauffeur for good measure.

Excited witnesses reported that the killer limped as he ran to the getaway car, and police leaped to the conclusion that this might well be the work of the notorious S.A.O. terrorist, George Watin, nicknamed "The Limper." Whetting their suspicions was the discovery in Lafond's files of letters from the S.A.O. a year ago, demanding "voluntary contributions" to support the terrorist plots against Charles de Gaulle and other "enemies" of their movement. The wealthy banker had refused to cooperate.

**Hitting the Bank.** If cash was the desperate goal of the S.A.O., two big armed robberies in quick succession fitted neatly into the pattern of violence. Six men broke into the offices of the Société Générale Commerciale de l'Est on Paris' Quai

judge added that he would be expelled from the Légion d'Honneur; ex-Lieut. Alain Bougrenet de la Tocnaye was equally impassive as he stood at attention in his army uniform; Jacques Prévost, whose life had not even been demanded by the prosecution, heard the death sentence with a slight smile. Sentences for the six other defendants ranged from three years to life imprisonment.

Since there is no appeal from the military tribunal's decision, the only hope of the condemned is President Charles de Gaulle, who is empowered to grant pardon. In a front-page editorial, the moderate newspaper *Le Monde* asked De Gaulle to show mercy in order to finish "with the germs of civil war."

**Before the Cameras.** Whatever the President's decision might be, the plotting would certainly continue, either in France or abroad, where many of the S.A.O. chiefs have found haven. De Gaulle's most prominent foe, Georges Bidault, 63, the ex-Premier of France who is now head of the S.A.O. executive arm, was hiding out



# Stouffer's

**frozen  
lobster newburg**

laden with fresh  
North Atlantic  
lobster!

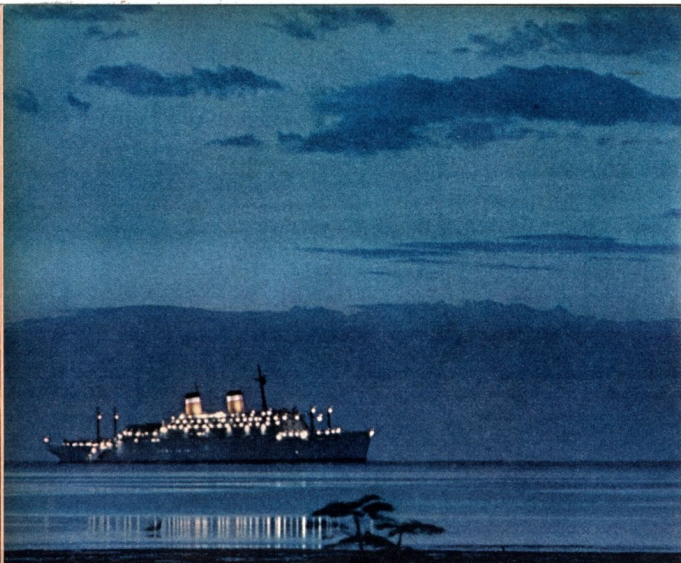


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## **AMERICAN EXPORT LINES**

hours, stalling subways, stopping work in factories, trapping some unwary citizens in elevators between floors.

De Gaulle's requisition order itself was responsible for much of the sympathy for the miners. Under last week's decree, failure to return to work can be punished by dismissal, fines and, under certain conditions, jail terms. A coal cutter in Lens said: "We were striking for money and shorter hours, but now we're striking for the right to strike."

At week's end Premier Georges Pompidou took his case to the people in a nationwide television broadcast, urging the miners to return to work to protect "the life and prosperity of the nation." He was still standing firm on money: "The reasonable rhythm of salary increases prohibits giving the miners what they ask." All the government would promise was a 5.7% boost spread over ten months.

## WEST GERMANY

### Looking Eastward

For years, the West German government has nursed a certain longing for closer ties with neighboring Eastern Europe, in part because Moscow's underdeveloped satellites would be a juicy market for Bonn's heavy industrial goods. But Communist Poland, for one, kept insisting on a major political surrender before any deal was signed: full diplomatic recognition of Wladyslaw Gomulka's Polish regime, and acceptance of Poland's Oder-Neisse western frontier, which includes a big chunk of pre-World War II Germany. With 14 million angry refugees from the East added to its population since the war, the Bonn government could hardly swallow that kind of proposition.

Last week, after three months of delicate negotiations in Warsaw, Poland at last dropped its tough demands, and the two sides signed their first long-term trade agreement, a three-year, \$650 million pact exchanging West German machinery and metals for Polish meat, fruit and dairy products. West Germany will send a permanent trade mission to Warsaw, its first permanent outpost in a Soviet satellite land. Bonn officials clearly feel the way is open for similar deals with Hungary and Czechoslovakia.

### Who's Next?

Crusty old Chancellor Konrad Adenauer was laying about him with splendid gusto last week, wisecracking about American politics ("Say, what ever happened to Lyndon Johnson?"), needling the British (he says they deliberately spread misconceptions), even taking a backhanded dig at his pal in Paris, Charles de Gaulle.

"Stupidity" was the cause of Western Europe's current disunity, Adenauer told a dinner meeting of the foreign press in Bonn. Whose stupidity? "I believe these things have been committed not only by Britain but by others as well," he sighed. Was any of it committed on the River Seine? asked a reporter. "I deliberately have not mentioned any names," retorted

*der Alte*. "Whoever fits the coat should wear it."

Adenauer's free and easy remarks were merely signs of the relaxed and reflective mood that has come over the 87-year-old Chancellor now that he has finally made up his mind to give up West Germany's top job. Last week he offered no objections when a caucus meeting of his Christian Democrats authorized C.D.U. Bundestag Leader Heinrich von Brentano to canvass all the factions and suggest a candidate to take over next fall and lead the party in the 1965 elections.

The heir-apparent is still avuncular Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard, architect of the West German economic boom, and the most popular choice among West German voters. One Cabinet minister guesses that Erhard also commands



ERHARD & ADENAUER  
Now, is the job a pleasure?

the loyalty of 60% of C.D.U. politicians. But Erhard still has one formidable enemy—*der Alte* himself who has conducted a petulant feud with paunchy "Uncle Ludwig." Adenauer's influence is still great, and last week the field was still wide open with half a dozen other candidates, led by Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder, to be considered. Whom would *der Alte* prefer? "I don't want to push anyone into misery," he grinned impishly to foreign correspondents. "Do you think this job is a pleasure?"

## COMMUNISTS

### On the Anniversary

After Stalin's 70th birthday in 1949, it took Pravda 22 months to print all the names of his well-wishers. Last week, on the tenth anniversary of the tyrant's death, there was not a single mention by press or radio of the man Nikita Khrushchev once fulsomely praised as "our great leader, our friend and father, the greatest man of our epoch." In all of Moscow's millions, only a single anonymous soul dared to pay respects—with three rubles worth of yellow mimosa on Stalin's black marble slab near the Kremlin wall.

But tiny Albania, seizing any excuse to defy the Soviets, was gushing Stalin's praise. All over the country, monuments to the dead dictator were hung with garlands of flowers; Tirana newspapers pub-

lished his picture and babbled their "love and profound respect for his teachings." Red China might also have been expected to use the occasion to glorify Stalin's memory, but remembering the dictator's open distrust of his Asian comrades, Peking chose not to be hypocritical.

Instead, Mao Tse-tung took the occasion to launch his toughest, most strident blast at Moscow since the Sino-Soviet squabble began. A 60,000-word broadside in Peking's theoretical journal *Red Flag* declared: "Certain people, though calling themselves Marxist-Leninists, are in fact muddleheaded; they talk drivel . . . They either make endless concessions to the enemy and thus commit the error of capitulationism, or act recklessly and thus commit the error of adventurism." Peking added contemptuously that Communists

like Russia's Khrushchev, Italy's Togliatti and France's Thorez, who advocated "peaceful" revolution in the West, were guilty of "parliamentary cretinism."

Red China's new tone made the squabble for supremacy in the Communist world sound all but irreconcilable. "If it is a case of masters wielding clubs over the heads of servants, calling for unity, then what is actually meant is a split," declared *Red Flag*. Switching to another metaphor, Peking intoned ominously that "now there are two watches" by which Communists can tell the time. "Which is to be the master watch?"

Moscow did not shout back last week; but it could not long remain silent, lest Khrushchev appear to be the "coward" that Mao now called him. Now that the Chinese Reds have nailed their theses to the Kremlin wall, some men in Moscow would be thinking of excommunication. Stalin's posthumous excommunication took only three years to accomplish, and already the Sino-Soviet quarrel has raged for longer than that.

## RUSSIA

### Rapid Turnover on the Farm

In Moscow eyebrows arched last week when the name Ivan Volovchenko appeared conspicuously in a major Pravda article discussing Soviet farm production. This was sudden prominence indeed for



the man who had been merely head of a big state farm southeast of Moscow for the past dozen years. Through the Moscow grapevines swept rumors that a big shake-up was coming in the Soviet Ministry of Agriculture.

The rumors were right. Forty-eight hours after Volovchenko, 46, made his Pravda debut, he was named Russia's farm boss, succeeding the hapless Konstantin Pysin, who had held the job for less than a year. During his brief tenure, Pysin tried his best to coax more production from the collectivized peasantry. He even squeezed in a month-long tour of U.S. farm lands last September, hoping to pick up a few pointers. Alas, nothing seemed to help. The Soviet grain harvest last year was 16 million tons less than the quota under the seven-year plan, and Nikita Khrushchev's promise to give the Soviet people more bread again was thwarted. The fall guy for 1962 naturally was Pysin; this year it could very well be Volovchenko. As the new Agriculture Minister must be painfully aware, he is the fourth man to occupy the perilous post in three years.

## YUGOSLAVIA

### Return of the Baker

Through all the years of Marshal Tito's Communist rule, a special niche has been provided for the small private businessman who was somehow able to supply products and services the state-controlled organization could not match. But a year or so ago, the profits of the barbers, blacksmiths, pastrymakers, cobblers and tailors began to get out of hand; they bought cars and rented summer homes on fashionable lakesides. Last May Tito's regime decided to wipe them out. Taxes on private business were raised sevenfold. A private tailor with one helper paid the same amount of tax as a Belgrade tailors' Communist cooperative with seven employees. It was too much for any artisan.

By the end of 1962, nearly 10,000 private craftsmen closed up shop, 3,000 in Croatia alone.

The theoreticians were happy at the turn of events, but many other Yugoslavs were not. They found it virtually impossible in some areas to obtain the services of a plumber or electrician. To get a pair of shoes repaired today takes a month. Belgrade's famed candy and pastry shops are nearly all closed, and the state-baked *pita*—a Serbian pastry filled with fruit—is no edible substitute.

The grumbling got so loud that even President Tito admitted in a speech that "a real witch hunt was started against the alleged enrichment of artisans, and excessively high taxes were levied against them." He suggested the matter be attended to. Last week the Yugoslav Parliament was preparing to pass a new tax law that "will not discourage the development of crafts." The party's official mouthpiece, Belgrade's Daily Borba, offered a distinctly non-Marxian rationale for the retreat: "The law treats private craftsmen as an additional but significant economic branch which fits well in the system of socialist economy."

## PAKISTAN

### Signing with the Red Chinese

Under the best of circumstances, the chances of India and Pakistan's solving their prickly dispute over control of Kashmir are not very bright. Last week, on the eve of the fourth round of talks in Calcutta, Pakistan dimmed hopes of settlement even further by signing a border agreement with Red China, which recognized Pakistani control to a part of northern Kashmir that has long been claimed by the Indians.

India angrily fired off notes to both Rawalpindi and Peking condemning the pact. New Delhi was less disturbed by the barren, mountainous geography involved than by the fact that Pakistan For-

eign Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto could travel to Peking and negotiate a separate deal on a chunk of Kashmir with the Communist enemy, while the talks with India were still going on, and while Chinese troops still menaced India's Himalayan frontier. It just might be that Pakistan's Bhutto was using the Chinese agreement as a club to scare India's government into making compromises on Kashmir. In any case, he said, "we are under no obligation to explain these matters to anyone . . . We have to pursue our national interests."

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### Death of the Missionaries

It began like a trip to a church picnic. Crammed into the Land-Rover bouncing over South Viet Nam's heavily traveled Route 20 were American Missionary Elwood Jacobsen, 35, and Filipino Missionary Gaspar Makil, 36, with their wives and five children. After months of ministering to primitive Vietnamese natives, the two missionaries and their families were headed for the Makil home near the mountain resort of Dalat.

But 50 miles northeast of Saigon their car ran into a string of autos stalled in the center of the road. Around them swarmed some 20 grim-faced Vietnamese wearing rubber sandals, tree branches thrust into their belts for camouflage, and light field packs over their black peasant garb. "We were ordered out of the car," said Mrs. Jacobsen, "but we weren't frightened. We thought we would be on our way in a few minutes." This was not to be, for the hapless missionary families were caught in a roadblock of the Communist Viet Cong.

Without warning the Reds opened up on the two unarmed families in a withering blast of carbine and submachine-gun fire. Three-year-old Thomas Makil fell with a bullet in his leg, and slugs ripped through his four-month-old sister Janie's body into her father, killing them both. Elwood Jacobsen jerked backward and fell dead into the road. "I started hollering 'Elwood, Elwood,'" said Mrs. Jacobsen, "but I got no answer." In a flash, the Reds disappeared into the jungle; moments later, a truckload of government troops lumbered into sight down the road. For the latest victims in the ugly war of South Viet Nam, rescue had been just minutes away.

## EAST AFRICA

### The Asians in Their Midst

For many European settlers, "Africa for the Africans" simply means packing up and going home, painful though it may be. The future is far darker for the Asians in East Africa, who have long formed a precarious middle class. Despised by color-conscious whites, whom they greatly outnumber (400,000 to 96,000), resented by East Africa's 25 million blacks, the Asians—mostly Indians and Pakistanis—are loath to return to homelands that few



BHUTTO IN Peking  
A showy sense of national interest.



have seen, and where jobs are already critically scarce. For the great majority of Asians, there is no other alternative but to stay on in an increasingly hostile Africa where, as one Western diplomat succinctly said recently, they are "the hard upper rung against which the rising African bumps his head."

**Exporting Profits.** Though they have been trading on the east coast of Africa for centuries, most of East Africa's Asians have taken root in this alien land only since 1895, when the British brought in 32,000 Indian workmen to build the narrow-gauge railway that opened the interior to colonization. Asians quickly turned from railroad building to trade, and so completely dominated commerce that until 1919 the rupee was the official currency of East Africa.

Today, millionaire Indian merchants and manufacturers occupy some of Nairobi's finest homes; but the Asians are for the most part small shopkeepers—*duka wallohs* to the Africans—and junior civil servants, who have never found middle-class security in their middle-class vocations. African nationalists have long complained that the Asians are a clannish, alien people whose only interest in Africa lies in the profits to be wrung from African customers. "The Indians are opportunists and quislings," cries Nyasaland's Prime Minister Hastings Banda. "Everywhere in the country they are taking business from African businessmen." The Asians make a habit of shipping much of their profit out of Africa; African politicians charged bitterly last fall that their true loyalty was disclosed by the sums of money that they raised for India during the border war with China.

Three years ago, half of the Asian merchants in Uganda's Buganda kingdom were driven out of the country by a wave of ugly violence and a boycott of Asian shops. East Africans were cheered last week by the departure from Mozambique of the last batch of 4,600 Indians deported to their homeland by Portuguese authorities in revenge for India's 1961 takeover of Goa. In Tanganyika, all 6,000 Asian civil servants will lose their jobs as soon as enough Africans can be found to replace them.

**African Leadership.** In Kenya, when ex-Mau Mau detainees returned to their villages after rehabilitation courses in British camps, they used their new knowledge of basic economics to take over rural trading posts from the long-hated Asians. Lately, Kenya's Indian merchants have contributed heavily to both big African political parties in hopes of buying protection after Kenya gets *uhuru* (freedom). Kenya's Nationalist Leader Tom Mboya is one of the few politicians to pledge that his Kenya African National Union will permit no one to be "victimized on grounds of race, color, tribe or religion." But even Mboya adds blandly, "We of course wish to see Asians and other non-Africans adapt themselves to the new order by accepting African leadership and African government."



SENGHOR WITH WIFE & CHILD IN FRANCE  
A growing sense of control.

APR—PICTORIAL

## SENEGAL

### Only One Hat

Three months ago, in a bitter end to a beautiful friendship, Poet-President Léopold Senghor of peanut-growing Senegal, on the West African coast, booted out of office his old friend, Premier Mamadou Dia, after Dia had turned on Senghor in an attempted coup. Last week, in a referendum run off while Dia languished behind the barbed wire of a military camp outside Dakar awaiting trial for treason, the 56-year-old Senghor legalized his position as Senegal's strongman.

While pro-Senghor demonstrators chanted, "A single hat on a single head," more than 1,000,000 Senegalese shuffled to the polls and handed Senghor a 99.5% *oui* on a new Senghor-tailored constitution. True to the slogan, the new charter scraps Senegal's two-man, President-Premier system in favor of a single, strong presidency for Senghor.

The victory was resounding proof of Senghor's support among Senegal's masses, and it is made all the more impressive by the fact that he is a Roman Catholic in a 70% Moslem land. But the outcome was also, in a sense, a painful defeat for Black Africa's most distinguished intellectual. For it had been the bespectacled Senghor who originally installed Senegal's two-headed system of divided powers after leading the country into independence 2½ years ago. Until he and Dia fell out, French-oriented Senghor\* loftily ridiculed other French African nations that had chosen one-man rule. Now, whatever his continuing popularity at home, Senghor has probably lost some of his effectiveness as the leading spokesman for political liberalism in former French Africa.

The brilliant Senghor's intellectual credentials are impressive indeed. His much-discussed poetic works include *Chants*

\* His wife Colette, an attractive woman in her 30s, is from Normandy.

*d'Ombre, Ethiques et Nocturnes*. With Martinique's Poet Aimé Césaire, Senghor founded the mystic philosophy of "Négritude." Senghor was the first African ever to win France's coveted *agrégation de grammaire* academic degree, and he served with distinction as a territorial member of the postwar French National Assembly. By all accounts, he has been brooding over the political circumstances which forced him to end his 17-year friendship with Dia and take over as strongman. But Senghor was not likely to let his sense of guilt get him down. He is, after all, a strong admirer of Charles de Gaulle, and modeled his new constitution partly on De Gaulle's design for the Fifth Republic in Paris. Perhaps with his mentor in mind, Senghor conceded in one of his poems that "absolute power requires the blood of the most dear being." In any case, by week's end he had grandly christened Senegal's new regime, "*La Deuxième République*."

## KENYA

### The Road to Uhuru

Ten years after the bloody Mau Mau war against the whites, the British finally agreed last week to let their East African colony of Kenya take its first big step toward *uhuru*—freedom. Ending three weeks of talks in Nairobi with Kenya's tribal-backed political leaders, among them grey-bearded ex-Mau Mau Chief Jomo ("Burning Spear") Kenyatta, Colonial Secretary Duncan Sandys emerged to make his announcement to the press. Elections will be held May 18-26 for the colony's first internal self-government. To be elected under a new, 300-page constitution: seven assemblies, plus a two-house federal parliament with overwhelming black majorities. Complete independence will almost certainly follow in spring 1964. Standing by Sandys' side as the latter spoke, old Burning Spear nodded silent, solemn approval.

## PEOPLE



GINGER ROGERS, "ROZ" RUSSELL, DINAH SHORE, YVETTE MIMIEUX & FRIEND  
An East Berlin, a West Berlin, and the best Berlin.

"There's an East Berlin and a West Berlin, but tonight we're sitting with the best Berlin," sang Danny Kaye at a gala Beverly Hills banquet where Composer Irving Berlin, 74, accepted the Milestone Award of the Screen Producers' Guild. It was only the second time (the first: to Bob Hope in 1962) that the Guild's award for outstanding movie achievement had been presented to someone other than a producer. President Kennedy, ex-Presidents Eisenhower and Truman telegraphed their congratulations. And then, "with great pride," surrounded by a boodle of filmdom's most glittering stars, the old tunesmith clogged every throat when he hopped to the piano to *God Bless America*, as only Irving can.

"I had a vision," said Sara Bartholomae, 47, "and in the vision I saw John Glenn's space vehicle." So the ex-beautician, who last December won a \$5,500,000 divorce settlement from oil-rich William August Bartholomae, announced that she will spend \$1,000,000 of it to build a church shaped like the Mercury 7 on her Brea Canyon ranch near Los Angeles. "It will be open to the public for meditation and peace of mind," says Sara. She plans to have the chapel completed by Feb. 20, 1964, the second anniversary of Glenn's triple orbit.

Occasional Actress Linda Christian, 39, onetime wife of the late Tyrone Power and self-styled "woman of the world," thought she saw a Ford in her future, but her engagement to Actor Glenn Ford, 46, was brief even by Hollywood standards. After a candlelit dinner, they both ponied their happy news to Los Angeles Columnist Harrison Carroll. Came the dawn, and Glenn was on the phone again. "Ridiculous," he snorted. They were "only kidding." Not so Linda. "Glenn proposed," she insisted. "He was so nervous he had three helpings of Wiener schnitzel. I think

he should go to a rest camp." Instead, he went out with Rita Hayworth, and Linda's six-word telegram flew at his fickle heels: "Drop dead—and I'm not kidding."

The U.S. Mint clinked out 3.4 billion new coins last year, and still finds itself so short of change that it expects to produce 5.1 billion coins annually by 1970, and 7 billion by 1975. Where does the money go? For one thing, all those vending machines and parking meters, says Mint Director Eva Bertrand Adams, 54, are gobbling up nickels and dimes as fast as her plants can turn out fresh ones. "However, the real culprits may be collectors." There used to be about 2,000,000 coin collectors in the U.S., says Eva, "but today there are up to 8,000,000. What's more, people once saved individual coins or rolls of coins, now they save bags full."

A bunch of the beards were whooping it up at a Greenwich Village java saloon called The Bitter End, and one of the poems recited was *Ode to a Champion: Cassius Marcellus Clay*. Its author? Who else but Prosodic Pugilist Cassius Marcellus Clay, 20, getting ready for his Madison Square Garden skirmish this week with Heavyweight Doug Jones. Quoth Cassius: "The word's been passed around that I'm a very charming guy, / the greatest fighter that ever lived, / and I'll gladly tell you why . . ." Of course if he turned out to be wrong, Cassius could just call himself a beat poet.

The Philip Morris company wondered about a stockholder named Nikita S. Khrushchev. At Camp David during his 1959 visit with Eisenhower, Khrushchev accepted a free sample from free-enterprising private donors—25 shares of stock in the American Safety Razor Products Corp., later merged with P.M. But Nikita never cashed his \$6.25 worth of dividend checks, nor has he turned in the A.S.R.

stock worth about six new Philip Morris shares. The stocks' current value: \$438, for a profit of \$138 since he got it. Had he been sharper, the reluctant capitalist could have been \$750 richer at the top of the 1961 market—less, of course, broker's fees and capital gains taxes.

From the Imperial Household in Tokyo came a delicate but far from inscrutable reply to those persistent rumors: "Princess is now believed to be in felicitous condition." Thus a royal secret of tennis-playing Princess Machiko, 28, and Crown Prince Akihito, 29, was declassified, and the princess trades her sporting skirts for the ceremonial white maternity sash. If a boy, the child expected in October will be third in line to the chrysanthemum throne, following Akihito and first-born Prince Hiro, aged 3.

Ill lay: Dame Judith Anderson, 65, Australian-born tragedienne, downed by flu at a motor inn in Asheville, N.C., interrupting a Southern tour of *Medea* and *Macbeth*; Walter Dowling, 57, U.S. Ambassador to Bonn, recuperating from a kidney operation at Manhattan's Cornell Medical Center; Van Johnson, 46, in a Hollywood hospital, after "very successful" surgery for a skin cancer on the left thigh; Celal Boyar, 79, former Turkish President imprisoned since the 1960 army revolt, removed to an Ankara hospital suffering from low blood pressure.

Her vital statistics, says a flack with a flair for figures, are Gorgeous-23-Gorgeous. And in Stanley Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove, Or, How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*, black-haired, blue-eyed Actress Tracy Reed, 21, gets a chance to prove it, though her role is nearly as brief as the bikini she wears playing "Miss Foreign Affairs," a twisting Pentagon playmate. With a background of stage and TV experience, plus Kubrick, plus the counsel of her stepfather, British Director Carol Reed, Tracy's movie debut seems an assured success. "Now," she says, "maybe Daddy will let me be in one of his."



TRACY REED  
A part as brief as the packaging.

# MEDICINE

## OBSTETRICS

### Wide Awake for Quads

The chance that any woman will give birth to live, healthy quadruplets is about one in 2,500,000. So when X rays showed that Barbara Axe, 26, was carrying quads, she felt challenged. She told her obstetrician: "I'm snoozy. If you're likely to make medical history, it would be nice to see it." Last week she made it and saw it.

Husband Philip, advertising promotion man for the Lima (Ohio) Citizen, was taking a nap when Barbara felt the bag of waters break. A registered nurse and already mother of three, she calmly phoned for an ambulance before awakening her husband. And at St. Rita's Hospital,

River—in his little town and in the ugly, faceless towns around it. He practiced medicine there for 40 years, a tough but generous doctor with a humanist's simple notion of his work: "I'm a pediatrician. I take care of babies and try to make them grow. I enjoy it. Nothing is more appropriate to a man than an interest in babies."

Between patients, he wrote poems, but he never had to struggle to keep the poet from wasting the doctor's good time: when patients called, the poet was interrupted. "To treat a man as material for a work of art," he once wrote, "makes him somehow come alive to me." In his poems, the patients moved among the hard images of industrial New Jersey and



OHIO'S AXE QUADRUPLTS IN INCUBATORS  
Into the world at 50 million to 1.

where Dr. Vernon Noble found her in excellent health, she got just the sort of treatment she had asked for: only a local anesthetic before delivery. Baby girl No. 1 (4 lbs. 2½ oz.) arrived at 3:27 p.m.; No. 2 (same weight) at 3:29; No. 3 (2 lbs. 9½ oz.) by breech delivery at 3:40 p.m.; and No. 4 (3 lbs. 12½ oz.) at 3:45. As each baby was born, Dr. Noble held her up and the mother listened to their successive cries.

Barbara Axe seemed faintly disappointed that the babies were all girls. But she had another kind of compensation. Around Lima, scarcely one out of 20 mothers watches the birth of her own children, but she had combined her curiosity with her condition to hit a 50 million-to-1 shot and see the delivery of her own quadruplets.

## PEDIATRICS

### He's Dead

He was both poet and physician, each as a profession in itself, and each thanks to the other. He had mastered the knack of treating poems as patients and patients as poems, and both were the better for it. His life was in careful balance.

William Carlos Williams lived a half-mile from his birthplace in Rutherford, N.J. He found ample fascination for both his curiosities in life along the Passaic

the harder images of brutality the poet found there. His poems were like snapshots—rough, direct, staccato glimpses:

*gotta hold your nose  
with the appropriate gesture  
smiling*

*back of  
the garbage truck  
as the complex*

*city passes  
to the confession  
or psychiatric couch or both*

He wrote of the poor and sick and dirty, and in *Paterson*, his masterpiece, he achieved a Whitmanesque vision of the American myth as he told of the city's dying, thirsty waterfalls and of trees stunted by concrete and grime. In *Spring Storm*, he saw nature's liberation of the cold earth as a hint of higher human values:

*The sky has given over  
its bitterness*

*Still the snow keeps  
its hold on the ground*

*But water, water  
from a thousand Runnels!  
It collects swiftly,  
dappled with black  
cuts a way for itself  
through green ice in the gutters.*

He was a hero to abstract painters and to beat generation poets because of his spare, free language and his steady devotion to the American idiom. In the U.S., many considered him the most influential of the poets' poets, but in Europe, he remained a mystery. Verses like

*You can do lots  
if you know  
what's around you  
No bull*

are true and satisfying in New Jersey, but in Europe they are baffling in the best translations.

He was uncritically generous—at birth, any little quarterly could count on a blurb and a bouquet of free poems as a present from him. He had no vanity, no avarice, no conceit, but he had strong and angry flashes of pride that described him perfectly in his poet's pose:

*Say I am less an artist  
than a spade worker but one  
who has no aversion to taking  
his spade to the head  
of any who would derogate  
his performance in the craft.*

Last week, at 79, he died of a cerebral hemorrhage, at home in Rutherford, in his sleep. He had been in frail health since 1950, and his death, his wife said, "was a long time coming." He had a physician's strong resistance to sentimentalizing death, but his poet's resistance was stronger still. Death, to him, was the enemy of experience, more shameful than saddening, and the dead were zeros that "love cannot touch." Having long treated patients as poems, Williams once said farewell with a poem that, in all his rashi toughness, he might well have considered his own epitaph:

*He's dead  
the old bastard—  
he's a bastard because*

*there's nothing  
legitimate in him any  
more.*

Except for the poems. Except for the babies.



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## ENDOCRINOLOGY

### Blood-Pressure Hormone

Although medical science still cannot pinpoint a cause for the vast majority of cases of high blood pressure, researchers are gradually narrowing the area of uncertainty. More and more cases can be effectively treated because they have been traced to disease of the kidneys or their arteries. Last week in the *A.M.A. Journal*, the University of Michigan's Dr. Jerome W. Conn reported that one form of high blood pressure, generally considered to be rare, can now be cured by surgery. And it may, he suggests, be a more common form than most doctors suspect.

**From the Bark.** Endocrinologist Conn got his lead from what seemed like experiments in a torture chamber. To help the armed forces cut down World War II manpower losses from tropical heat prostration, he kept volunteers working at 90° F. and a relative humidity of 80% to 90%. After about a week, the men became acclimated to the artificial weather.

But how? Dr. Conn reasoned that a hormone must be at work, influencing especially the body's handling of salts. But nobody had identified a hormone with such precise effects. He could only guess that it was one of the many produced by the outer cortex or "bark" of the adrenal glands which are astride the kidneys. In the early 1950s, other investigators confirmed Conn's hunch by isolating an adrenal hormone now called aldosterone and recognized as one of the most powerful of all the body's chemicals.

**Into the Cure Column.** First patient to get the benefit of Dr. Conn's aldosterone research was no tropic-bound G.I., but a 34-year-old Michigan woman whose high blood pressure (170 over 100) was accompanied by unusual features. She had muscular weakness and cramps, had to drink and urinate frequently; her low-salt sweat and abysmally low level of potassium in the blood indicated an excess of aldosterone. A medical team traced her trouble to a small tumor on her right adrenal gland, which was pumping out a flood of aldosterone although there was no excess of other adrenal hormones. Surgeons removed her tumor, and now, eight years later, the woman is well, with her blood pressure about normal.

"How many such patients there are," says Dr. Conn, "is anybody's guess." They run the gamut from those with strikingly severe symptoms to those detected only by chance chemical tests. And the picture is complicated because some victims of a rare, rapidly progressive and fatal form of high blood pressure develop an aldosterone excess apparently as an effect, rather than a cause, of their original disease. But whatever the statistics, the volunteers who pedaled themselves silly on Dr. Conn's exercise bicycles have a good deal to show for their sweat. At least 70% of aldosterone-tumor patients are being cured by surgery, and of the 25% listed only as improved, some are expected to move into the cured column when their convalescence is complete.





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# MUSIC

## St. Joan of the Jukebox

There she sits, desperate, unhappy, twelve years old. She is cursed with the catastrophe of parents, and her boy friends complete her misery by being too young to drive. She sulks behind a screen of bobby pins, slapping at her baby fat, mourning the birth of her acne. She is a worried sixth-grader, an aging child, a frightened girl—and the queen of the \$100 million-a-year popular record industry.

The record companies make market surveys, and as a result, they have through

music is mainly the teen feel which, of course, is all heart.

The perfect teen-feel song has a melody simple enough for a devotee to learn in one hearing and, hopefully, it is also reminiscent of some other song that was a hit a year or so ago. It has all the intellectual content of a scream, and its lyrics are direct and ungrammatical:

*I've waited so long for school to be through*

*Paula, I can't wait no more for you.*

Its rhymes are irresistibly convenient—"heart" and "apart," "take my hand" and



GIRLS AT HOME WITH THE TEEN FEEL  
Suffering the painful joy of hearing a dirge.

the years cast their heroine younger and younger, stretching her life cycle back toward the cradle. In the days when teenage girls were called bobby-soxers, a full-blooming record fan was 16 or so, and only by great leaps of the imagination could she convince herself that Frankie was really singing about her. Now she is ten, or even eight, and by twelve she has become an ardent collector of the dollar-each, 45-r.p.m. records through which she suffers the painful joy of hearing a dirge for her already disappearing adolescence. Many of the singers and songwriters who churn out 5,000 records a year for her are scarcely older than she is, and they sing right at her, treating her as if she were a jaded old teen-ager. Every song echoes their search for something almost as grotesque as it sounds, something the industry calls "the teen feel."

**All Heart.** Elusive and frail as a sparrow in the hands of any but the most mystically attuned writers and performers, the teen feel has inherited much of its style and sound from rhythm and blues, and much of its spirit from country music. But its creators consider it sharply distinct just the same. Country music, they say, comes from a hard, God-loving life in the sticks. Rhythm and blues comes from the soul. What remains in popular

"understand," "cruel" and "school." The song can be about emotional cripples:

*No one needs me, no one cares*

*No one wants me to be theirs.*

Or economic cripples:

*He doesn't hang diamonds 'round my neck*

*An' all he's got's an unemployment check.*

But it better be about cripples of some kind. Its themes run the full gamut of human feeling—from misery to self-pity to despair. When these subtleties have been achieved, the song ought to be recorded by someone who sings no better than any other kid on the block, lest the record lose the "dumb sound" the industry values as a cinch to win rapport with the girls.

**Double Suicide.** Occasionally, a happy song acquires a little reverse teen feel:

*My name is Oliver Cool*

*I'm the most swingiest boy in school,*

but the most trustworthy bets are exploration of the lower reaches of emotions. Last year, a 17-year-old singer named Kenny Karen made his grandly promoted debut with a song called *Susie, Forgive Me*, in which the hero robs a candy store after paralyzing Susie by smashing his car into a tree:

*Johnny woke up and felt O.K.*

*But Sue couldn't move her legs that day.*

Next came *Patches*, which sounded like a promotion piece for double teen-age suicide; it was among the year's biggest hits. This year's first hit was *Go Away, Little Girl*, in which the message sounds suspiciously like a souvenir from *Lolita*. It is sung by Steve Lawrence, who, perhaps significantly, has reached the Humbert Humbertish age of 27.

**Affirmative Corn.** The fastest rising phenomenon in the business is a Tin Pan Alley octopus called Aldon Music Inc., which has 35 boys and girls busy night and day composing songs. Last year Aldon turned out 300 numbers that were eventually immortalized on records, most of them strongly teen feel. "After four years," says Vice President Emil La Viola, "we've achieved an Aldon feel, a groove that's fresh and easy, a personal feel. The songs are simple, and mostly they have a negative message." Writers who have the Aldon feel down pat can make \$50,000 a year, tossing off 60 or so songs and counting on three or four hits among them. Gerry Goffin, the co-author of such works as *The Loco-Motion* and *Go Away, Little Girl*, is 23 and a master of teen feel. "Lyrics will hurt a song," he says, "if they're too adult, too artistic, too correct. You should shy away from anything deep or too happy. When I was a teen-ager, I noticed that whenever I felt an affirmative attitude toward life and told the other kids, it would be corn to them. So now I avoid it."

Howard Greenfield, another Aldon writer, has had 14 hits since he abandoned his job as a messenger boy four years ago and arrived as a composer with *Stupid Cupid*. "What we do is take an adult idea and bring it on down to the kids' level," he says. "I figure we have 2½ minutes to grab interest, change pace and paint pictures. A pop song is like a movie—it's a little escape."

**Faintly Comic.** But it isn't. Rather than offering escape, teen-feel songs invariably wallow in melancholy, trying to touch nerve ends with anything from the merely silly to the downright psychotic. The teen-age girl, as described by her taste in music, is above all a martyr—to broken dates, homework, high school—a St. Joan of the Jukebox yearning for weak heroes with weaker ideas. Dion, a pathetically undernourished singer with a pleading little voice, is among her favorites now, and his songs have titles like *The Loneliest Man in the World* and *Unloved, Unwanted Me*. Joan Baez (TIME cover, Nov. 23) is a hit with teen-agers at least partly because of the gloomy songs she sings. And, if there is something faintly comic in the sight of a 14-year-old girl singing along with Joan "All my trials, Lord, soon be over," it is something that escapes the singer.

"You can't be content with getting the girls to just buy the records," says Bob Morgan, an Epic Records producer. "You've got to really move in to possess the weepers so that she'll have to possess the record. She's got to need it to explain herself."

# THE INSIDE STORY...



## ON THE NEW 'JEEP' WAGONEER!



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## RELIGION

### ROMAN CATHOLICISM For the Doubting Student

Spiritually speaking, the Roman Catholic student at Notre Dame or Georgetown has it made. His campus is studded with chapels; hundreds of priests are available to hear his confession or try to resolve his doubts over a cup of coffee after class. In contrast, for thousands of Catholic students on secular campuses, the only source of spiritual help is likely to be the overworked chaplain of the school's Newman Club, an institution better known for tea dances than theology.

A promising third way is being explored in Pittsburgh. There the 8,000 Catholic students who attend Pitt, Carnegie Tech and all-girl Chatham College are served by what the city's theology-minded Bishop John J. Wright calls "a Newman Club in depth." This is the two-year-old Pittsburgh Oratory, a highbrow study center staffed by priests who follow the rule of prayer and discipline laid down by Florence's St. Philip Neri in the 16th century.

Located midway between the Pitt and Carnegie Tech campuses, the Oratory, unlike most Newman Clubs, makes no pretense of trying to keep students Catholic by promoting a score of social activities. It offers only spiritual and intellectual help. Mass is celebrated daily at Carnegie Tech and at Pitt's handsomely Gothic Heinz Memorial Chapel. At least one of the Oratory's four priests—Bishop Wright hopes eventually to build a staff of twelve clerical specialists in different intellectual

fields—is available 24 hours daily to handle any student questions that arise—on morality, eschatology, or obedience.

Every evening the Oratory offers a class or seminar on such subjects as modern Biblical criticism or the psychology of religious experience, often using texts by avant-garde theologians—Austria's Karl Rahner, or France's Henri de Lubac. The creditless courses are well attended, do much to resolve conflicts between dogma and science for students. One Oratory student recalls how he was stunned by his discovery of experiments in modern genetics that offer man the distant prospect of creating life. "But I consulted one of the priests here," he says, "and I discovered that there is no dogmatic denial of the possibility of spontaneous generation of life."

Helping students make these discoveries is precisely what the Oratory hopes to do. "Our job," says the center's director, Father Philip Walsh, "is to see that faith, far from shackling reason, actually frees it, opening up new dimensions of reality which reason unaided by faith is incapable of knowing."

### Pope Meets Communist

For the first time in history, a Pope of the Roman Catholic Church last week received a ranking Soviet leader. The Pope was John XXIII, an intuitive man more concerned with the fate of Catholics back of the Iron Curtain than with scoring political points. The Communist was Ivestia's Editor Aleksei Adzhubei, who can carry a message directly and informally to Khrushchev because he is married to Khrushchev's daughter.

The warming relationship between Rome and Moscow has lately been a sort of Father Alphonse-Comrade Gaston act. Last September the Vatican invited Russian Orthodox observers to the Ecumenical Council. Last month the Soviet Union released Ukrainian Archbishop Josyf Slipyi from his long years in prison. And last week Editor Adzhubei, clearly working under orders from on high, showed up in Rome for what was billed as a "lecture tour."

**Working Atheist.** The Soviet embassy informed Msgr. Jan Willebrands of the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity (who had escorted Slipyi out of Russia) that Adzhubei would like a private audience with the Pope. The Vatican, wary of what the Communists would do with that in Italy's general election next month, refused, and suggested a general audience with other Vatican visitors. Adzhubei rejected that proposal, but the Vatican's subtle chief of protocol, Msgr. Igino Cardinale, figured out a deft compromise. Since officials of the Balzan Foundation\*



ADZHUBEI & WIFE AT ST. PETER'S  
Under orders from on high.

were scheduled to visit the Pope with the formal announcement that he had won their 1963 Peace Prize, why should not Adzhubei cover the event as a working journalist? Afterward, it was hinted, a private—but quite unofficial—meeting with the Pope might be arranged.

Dressed in dark suit and grey tie, and accompanied by his wife Rada in black veil and grey suit, Adzhubei showed up with other reporters in the Vatican's gilded throne room, listened as the Pope spoke of the church's positive neutrality in the cold war, bowed his head when John gave his blessing. "A beautiful speech," said Adzhubei, who throughout his visit to Rome proudly labeled himself a "confirmed atheist."

**"Man Proposes . . ."** After other newsmen left, Adzhubei and Rada were ushered into the papal library, there spent 18 minutes alone with John and his interpreter. Adzhubei told the Pope that he was known and admired in Russia as a fighter for peace. John answered that he was only doing God's will. The Pope recalled his own journeys through the Balkans as a Vatican diplomat. Adzhubei apparently gave the Pope a personal message from Khrushchev, who had instructed the Russian members of the Balzan Foundation to vote the Peace Prize to John, and had sent word that he was delighted after the award was announced.

Eager to improve the lot of Iron Curtain Catholics, the Vatican would like to regularize these portents of good will—and may well establish formal diplomatic relations with Moscow some day. Last week, *L'Osservatore Romano* front-paged a theoretical article, written by Msgr. Cardinale, on the general necessity of consular relationships between sovereign states. Asked at a Rome press conference about exchanging consuls with the Vatican, Adzhubei certified that it was "a



FATHER WALSH (CENTER) AT HEINZ CHAPEL  
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good idea." Another reporter wondered if Father-in-Law Nikita, who may visit Rome later in the year, would also call on the Pope. Atheist Adzhubei, who earlier had noted that "the Pope does not bite," shrugged, and quoted in answer the 15th century Christian mystic Thomas à Kempis: "Man proposes, but God disposes."

## WORSHIP

### Hymns in Haiku

*At Morning Mass*

*The water has lost its chill;*

*Lent has come.*

Japanese take to haiku as naturally as Canadians take to hockey; 1,000,000 Japanese habitually spend their leisure hours composing the 17-syllable poemlets. But the delicate work of a writer called Tetsu (Iron) is unique in the world of haiku. Tetsu is the pen name of the Rev. James Tetsuzo Takeda, 62, a witty, convivial Episcopal priest whose haiku are brief meditations upon the mysteries of the Christian year.

Takeda, who is senior chaplain at Tokyo's big (9,500 students) St. Paul's University, writes his Christian haiku in Japanese—and, although he knows English, leaves the translation to Gene Lehman, a Pennsylvania-born professor of chemistry at St. Paul's. Lehman's sensitive version of another verse about Lent is:

*Tilling the soil*

*And counting: how many days now*

*'Til His Suffering begins?*

As the favorite art form of Zen Buddhist monks, haiku always have a curiously bittersweet quality even at their happiest. This still, sad music is apparent in Takeda's meditations on both joyous and sorrowful feasts of the Christian year. For Good Friday he writes:

*A Holy Rood:*

*I see the five wounds—*

*And a piercing cold besets me.*

And for Easter:

*The light of Spring*

*Now streams*

*Into the empty Tomb.*

The summertime feast of Trinity Sunday brings to mind the zeal of the first disciples:

*By the Sea of Galilee*

*They went forth.*

*The trees' fresh green was every-  
where.*

And at Christmas:

*Around the old monk*

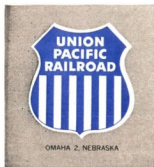
*The orphan children gather.*

*O Holy Night!*

Takeda, who studied for the priesthood in Boston and New York, began writing haiku 40 years ago, when he was an English teacher in a suburban Tokyo high school. Only in the last decade has he seriously begun to explore the Christian possibilities of the form. "I realized," he recalls, "that in composing haiku in praise of nature I had been responding in praise to the creations of God." Takeda, who is now imparting his poetic technique to members of the University's haiku club, believes that the verse "is the Japanese form of hymn." He regards writing haiku

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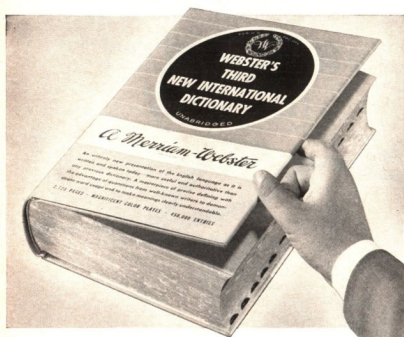
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as a kind of spiritual exercise, and admits that "whenever I'm lazy with my prayer schedule, then it becomes hard for me to compose good haiku." The best of his inspirations occur to him "the moment I stand up after offering long prayers, wherever that might be."

His work is admired even by Japanese poets who have little understanding or sympathy for his Christian faith. "Tetsu's versification is in the best of the haiku tradition," says Yatsuka Ishiware, who is the president of Tokyo's Contemporary Haiku Society. "It is a lovely fusion of East and West."

## THE BIBLE

### Kairopoetics

St. Paul has always been thought to be one man who did not put off writing letters; 14 of the New Testament's 21 Epistles are attributed to him. Now a canny Scots minister from the town of Culross claims to have scientific evidence that Paul wrote only four of the letters that bear his name—*Romans, I and II Corinthians, and Galatians*.

The Rev. Andrew Morton, who will publish his findings next month in a volume of New Testament studies, got his evidence from an electronic computer operated by the University of London. Until now, Morton argues, scholars could only question Paul's authorship on the basis of their personal, subjective analysis of the literary style of the Epistles, and "evidence" that convinced one scholar often left another unimpressed. Investigator Morton decided to use statistics instead of intuition.

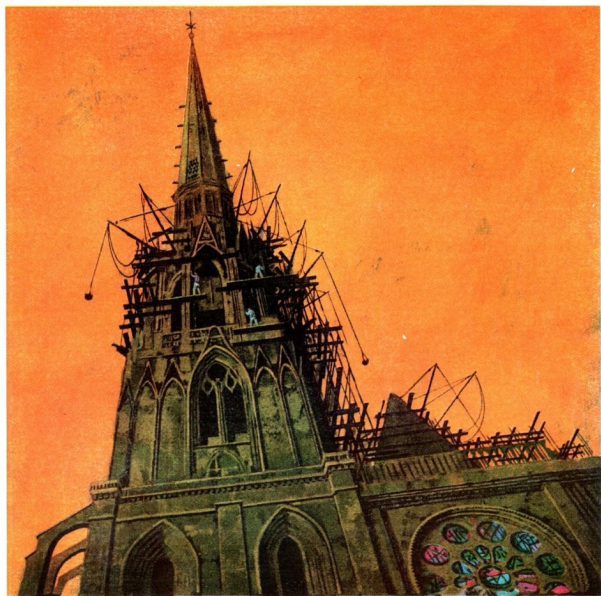
On the theory that every writer has certain subconscious, invariable writing habits, Morton had Dr. Michael Levison of Birkbeck College program the London computer to check the frequency and use of *kai*, a common Greek word meaning and, also, even, etc., in sentences drawn from nine classical writers—including Plato and Plutarch—found that each had a clear and distinct pattern in the way he handled his *kais*.

To test his hypothesis on the Epistles, Morton started with the assumption that Paul was indeed the author of *Galatians* (an attribution no scholar questions), fed every sentence in the Epistles to the computer for *kai* counting. Morton's conclusion: "There are four Epistles which were written by a man whose vocabulary had a constant proportion of *kais* in it, who used his *kais* in a consistent pattern and who, by definition, must be the Apostle Paul. The other ten Epistles exhibit diverse characteristics and must have come from at least three other hands."

Morton believes his discovery to be a hard blow against all kinds of Fundamentalists, who take the Bible literally. "This is one in the eye for all the Bible thumpers," he says. But he argues that his study "in no way detracts from the Epistles' value as church scripture," since the churches have always accepted them, regardless of authorship, as accurate reflections of Pauline teaching.



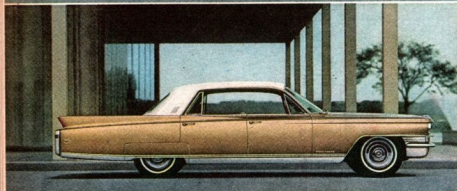
**WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING?** Three stone masons working on a church were asked what they were doing. Said the first: "I'm laying stone." The second: "I'm earning a living." But the third: "I'm building a great cathedral." Enthusiasm is the mortar that changes a life...or a job...from merely "laying stone" into a great undertaking. Without it the truly worthwhile is seldom accomplished. ■ *In steel and stone, our assets now exceed two billion dollars. But our greatest asset is not listed on our balance sheet. It is the enthusiasm and dedication of those who built our company and keep it growing.*



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# EDUCATION

## HEADMASTERS

### Switch at Eton

To run England's Eton is to tutor England's Establishment, which is to say that a man had better respect the customs. Headmaster Robert Birley, who took over in 1949, seemed at times a bit rebellious. To the shock of Pop, the school club with old boys in high places, Birley opened Eton's doors to a few lads from the lower classes. Last year, when Birley was passed over for a knighthood, the London Sunday Telegraph blamed the "Pop lobby." This summer Birley will quit with a year yet to go on the usual 15-year tenure.

Last week Eton named his successor: Anthony Chenevix-Trench, 43, an out-of-tradition choice since he did not go to Eton or even teach there. But Oxonian Chenevix-Trench, a Berkshire headmaster who lists his recreations as "shooting and general outdoor activities," thinks right about the rites of Eton. He plans no changes: "It is a wise chap who waits and sees." He is for "fagging," the custom



CHENEVIX-TRENCH

ETON'S CHENEVIX-TRENCH  
Beating is useful.

that makes new boys the servants of older boys. As for another old custom, the right of head boys to beat others, he says: "If I were going to a school that didn't have it, I wouldn't start it. But if a school has it—well, it's useful."

### Something Says "Yes"

Rumors swept New Hampshire's famed Phillips Exeter Academy one morning last week as the school's 766 boys were summoned to a sudden meeting. "The school is bankrupt," some joked. "Girls are going to be admitted," others hoped. When Principal William Gurdon Saltonstall, 57, uncoiled his towering frame (6 ft. 4 in.) and rose to speak, the news topped the rumors.

"Life is unpredictable," said Saltonstall in his laconic way. "In sailing terms, we sometimes come about and start on a new tack, or as in this case, we jibe over sharply to an entirely different course. With the greatest reluctance, I plan to resign as principal of Exeter at the end of the school year."

In just six days Saltonstall had decided to break his 31-year career at Exeter and go off to run Africa's biggest Peace Corps operation, which by fall will have 500 U.S. teachers in the schools and universities of Nigeria. "You'll have to find a new saint," he said, referring to his yearly custom of a surprise holiday that the boys call Saint Gurdon's Day, "but don't you dare forget your old one."

"Call Me Salty." The Saltonstalls of New England are as prominent as their long noses and square jaws. They started being Boston Brahmins in 1630, when Sir Richard, a former lord mayor of London, arrived on the ship *Arbella* and founded what is now the Boston suburb of Watertown. Also on the *Arbella* was the Rev. George Phillips, forebear of the founder of Exeter, which in 1796 graduated, along with Daniel Webster, its first Saltonstall, Leverett, ancestor of the present U.S. Senator.

William Gurdon Saltonstall himself went to Exeter, and was the tenth generation Saltonstall at Harvard, where he earned five varsity letters in crew, hockey and football. He joined Exeter in 1932 to teach history, and after World War II, in which he saw combat aboard the carrier *Bunker Hill*, returned as chairman of the history department. In 1946 he was so popular that hundreds of boys marched through the rain to cheer his appointment as Exeter's ninth principal. "Call me Salty," said he when the cheermakers stumbled over his name, and so they have ever since.

Salty's wife, five children and inevitable golden retriever are all part of his headmasterly charm. A daily fixture on the playing fields of Exeter, he is famous for scrimmaging with the football team, skating with the hockey team, coaching the crew from his single shell on the Squamscott River. An avid sailor, he races off Cape Cod in his ancestrally named yawl *Arbella*. He may have slowed down a bit since 1961, when a flying hockey puck almost blinded one of his eyes, but he still plays tennis and beats 90% of the faculty.

Academically, Saltonstall lets the faculty win. Given complete autonomy, Exeter's departments produce strong minds and pioneering ventures; the current faculty has more than 20 textbooks to its credit. On the other hand, Saltonstall suffers the fate of "democratic" administrators: criticism for being indecisive. In contrast to Andover, its aggressive rival, Exeter has raised only one new building in 30 years. But it is a place of such impeccable teaching that last fall it got 73 National Merit Scholarship finalists, more than any other U.S. school.



WILL RAPPORT

EXETER'S SALTY  
Tacking to a new career.

"I Deeply Believe." Passionately dedicated to aiding public schools, Principal Saltonstall regards Exeter as a "national high school"; a quarter of the boys are scholarship students brought from all over the U.S. Politically, Saltonstall is a liberal Republican active in New Hampshire politics. As a Harvardman ('28), he boasts the equal distinction of having been re-elected in 1958 to the board of overseers by more alumni votes than anyone in Harvard history, including John F. Kennedy.

Saltonstall has long thought of changing his career to public service. As it happened, Peace Corps Boss Sargent Shriver was searching for a new man in Nigeria to replace Samuel Proctor, 41, the able Negro ex-college president who is being promoted to command of all Peace Corps training. U.S. Commissioner of Education Francis Keppel, the best talent scout in the education business, suggested Saltonstall, and Shriver happily landed his man. Saltonstall's decision was "something way down in your gut that says 'yes,'" he explains. "I'm not a 'save-the-worlder,' but I deeply believe in the Peace Corps approach to furthering the ideals this country stands for."

## TEACHERS

### Who Should Set Standards?

"This is the battle of the century," says Dean Lindley J. Stiles of the University of Wisconsin School of Education. And if at first it seems like an insiders' war it nonetheless affects every parent in the land.

The standards of U.S. teacher training are increasingly determined by an organization that most Americans never heard of: the National Council for Accreditation of Teacher Education. It was organized in 1952 by a department of the National Education Association, the schoolteachers' lobby, and has since accredited 385 of



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the 1,100 teacher-training setups in U.S. higher education. So far, 29 states have found it so handy that now they automatically certify teachers who have been trained at N.C.A.T.E.-approved schools in other states. Its goal is "reciprocity" in all 50 states.

N.C.A.T.E. argues that accreditation is the only way to ensure minimum standards in teacher training. The rub comes in the kind of standards being applied. Dean Stiles has leveled a drastic charge: N.C.A.T.E. seeks to impose on all U.S. schools of education a "monolithic and outdated" pattern that goes back to the "teachers' college age."

Dean Stiles declared war last fall when N.C.A.T.E. "deferred" accreditation of his own undergraduate program at Wisconsin, which has a unique system of uniting liberal arts professors and education professors. Instead of being set off by itself, Wisconsin's school of education consists of every professor throughout the university (some 800) who has even one teacher candidate in one of his classes. Harvard's Acting Dean of Education Judson Shaplin calls Wisconsin "one of the finest places in the country for the preparation of teachers." But to N.C.A.T.E., Wisconsin's "all-university" approach is not "bringing about the kind of coordination necessary." As Stiles sees it, N.C.A.T.E. is basically fearful that pedagogy is losing out to liberal arts at Wisconsin.

Stiles charges that N.C.A.T.E. is actually a pawn of the National Education Association. Stiles's evidence: 64% of N.C.A.T.E.'s money comes from N.E.A. and 13 of its 19 members represent N.E.A. affiliates. N.C.A.T.E.'s Director W. Earl Armstrong denies N.E.A. domination by saying that "some Methodists are members of the Republican Party, too, but that doesn't mean they control it."

Last week N.C.A.T.E. was rapped in an even more urgent way by the college-dominated N.C.A. (National Commission on Accrediting), which accredits accrediting agencies. To stay in business, said that group, N.C.A.T.E. "must be primarily responsible to the colleges and universities educating and preparing teachers." If it fails to do so, says one high N.C.A. official, "by a year from now N.C.A.T.E. may well be removed from our list."

## SCHOOLS

### Help Yourself Learning

On a Monday night in the Sunday school room of a Los Angeles church, 19 children looked at pictures of snakes and toads—symbols not of sin but of science. The mostly Negro and Japanese kids, who had already put in a full school day, were starting a six-week course (tuition: \$6) in "The Exciting World of Plants and Animals." For 75 minutes, they tackled all kinds of questions: What is a reptile? What does "cold-blooded" mean? Flaunting new words from *habitat* to *hibernate*, the kids—second, third and fourth graders—will soon take up mammals, vertebrates, soil and plant propagation, subjects that most of them meet only vaguely in their



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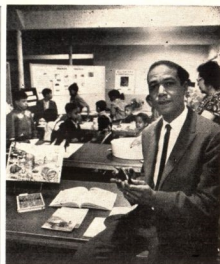
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JULIAN HASSER

WILLIAM SLATON JR.  
And all out of a chemistry set.

daytime studies. At another church, a Douglas Aircraft engineer taught fifth to seventh graders Newton's laws, to launch a course in space and rocketry. Also available for grade schoolers: physics, biology, Spanish and French.

All this was born from the curiosity of one small boy and the response of his father, William Slaton Jr., 36, a Negro chemist in the Rexall Drug Laboratories. A self-made scientist, Slaton knows the value of education. Too broke for full-time college, he worked for years at odd jobs from welding to clerking before graduating at last, in 1951, from the University of Southern California.

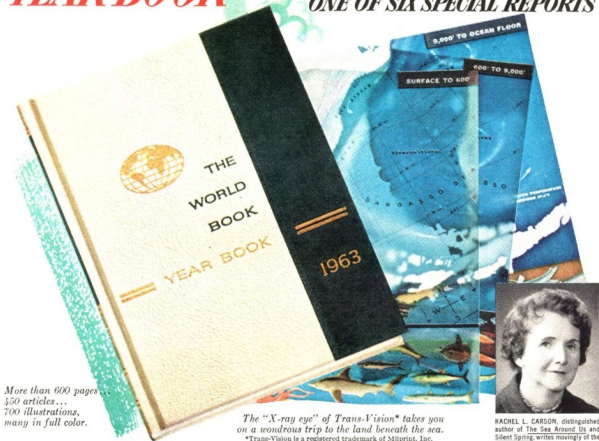
In 1961 his son Glen, then nine, badgered Slaton to teach him and his fellow Cub Scouts how to get the most out of their new chemistry sets. Slaton was soon teaching chemistry to 20 Cubs in his home, got a bacteriologist to teach the use of microscopes. Response was so eager that Slaton had to branch into electronics. Professional educators helped with the curriculum; Rexall chipped in its mimeographing services. Dubbed the classes, dubbed "Community Science Workshops," outgrew Slaton's house, moved into churches and the California Museum of Science and Industry.

Last year more than 200 youngsters flocked to courses in everything from art to astronomy. Happy to help, regular public school teachers volunteer their services for \$6 a night. U.C.L.A. is so impressed that it wants 30 of Slaton's top students to attend the university's Lake Arrowhead science center for a weekend of astronomy and nature studies. The power of Slaton's project is its simple premise—not to reform public schools or start private schools, but to help kids help themselves to learning. Slaton says that his objective is "to stimulate or heighten interest." Adds one mother: "It's easier to get them to do this than their own schoolwork. It's their own choice, and that's the secret."



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**JASON McMANUS: THE COMMON MARKET** "Europe today crackles with a new kind of pride, larger than any of its old chauvinistic parts. Its confidence is not alone in factories throbbing to supply a market of nearly 200 million consumers. It is also in the unique promise of the Common Market—that if economic union comes, political union cannot be far behind. One measure of how far the Common Market has come in five years is that a reporter finds no argument about whether Europe should be politically one; there is argument only about the details of a unity whose advent almost everyone accepts."

In this report *TIME* Correspondent Jason McManus did not mention another measure of the Common Market's importance: the fact that he himself is assigned full-time solely to covering its developments. McManus is uniquely qualified for this special post. He came to *TIME* for a summer between two years at Princeton's graduate school of public affairs, later served for a time in the London Bureau before going to Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. Then followed two and a half years as a *TIME* writer. One of McManus' cover stories during this period was on France's Jean Monnet, often called the Father of the Common Market. Though McManus left *TIME* for a brief sojourn in international banking, he "returned to journalism with alacrity when the opportunity came to chronicle the larger arena of European business for *TIME*," a range of coverage which has taken him from the British Isles to Greece.

He finds the challenge of his job is matched by a sense of intimacy with history in the making: "By most measures, the three great continuing news stories of our time are the Cold War, the political and economic awakening of the Southern continents, and the Common Market. What is happening in Europe now may well prove to be the most significant of all. The new federated Europe is a potential giant third force in world politics, and it will weigh heavily in the Cold War balance on the Western side."

**TIME** *The Weekly Newsmagazine*



# THE PRESS

## War Whoop

After a warm week out in Goldwater Country, Pundit Walter Lippmann acquired "a fine sunburn" and some interesting thoughts. "I have learned," wrote Lippmann from Arizona, "that we must distinguish between a war party—of which I have seen no traces out here—and a war whoop party, which likes to be warlike but does not want war." What the whoopers want in Cuba, he said, "are the fruits of a successful war without having to fight." But, he added, "only an invasion, and an invasion only in the first days before the casualty lists come in, would satisfy the emotions of the war whoopers." Taking the lead in whooping it up, charged Lippmann, were Republican Publisher Eugene Pulliam's right-wing dailies, the Arizona Republic and the Phoenix Gazette.

Pulliam wasted no time replying. "We do not advocate an invasion or an occupation," said he in a letter that ran in the Washington Post two days after Lippmann's column appeared. What he wanted all along, said Pulliam, was "a forceful American policy, aimed at Castro's isolation and eventual overthrow" by partial blockade or quarantine. "The day President Kennedy proclaimed the American quarantine last October, we wrote that the Russians would accept it, while a lot of 'liberal' commentators, including Mr. Lippmann, expected the Russians to 'challenge' the American Navy or to start a nuclear war." Whooped Publisher Pulliam in conclusion: "I dare say we proved to be right, which is, perhaps, one of the reasons Mr. Lippmann doesn't like us."

## Costly Settlement

The talks at the Commodore Hotel had dragged on since noon with no visible progress, and as the clock struck midnight, New York's newspaper strike slipped into its fourth month. Then, with surprising suddenness, the deadlock was broken. Mayor Robert F. Wagner suggested a settlement and asked both sides to act on it. At 1:45 a.m., publishers of eight silenced dailies announced their acceptance. After some arm-twisting by fellow union leaders, Bertram Powers, boss of the Typographical Union's "Big 6" local, followed suit, said he would advise his 3,000 members to ratify the agreement this week. Waiting for the union vote, and for the negotiators to translate the broad agreement on general principles into a specific contract, the newspapers probably will not resume publishing until next week.

**A Dainty Dish.** "We set before their majesties a dainty dish, which proved irresistible," said tired Ted Kheel, special assistant to the mayor, and the man who drafted the wording of the settlement. "It had just the right mixture of sweets and spices suitable for both palates." Up to a point, Kheel was right. But neither side was perfectly happy.

It was "a costly settlement," said Negotiator Amory H. Bradford, vice presi-

dent of the Times, "but one acceptable to the publishers." The pact will add \$18.5 million to the newspapers' expenses over the next two years—and may well force the morning papers to raise their price to a dime. But it was far less expensive than it might have been. Powers went into the strike demanding a \$37-a-week package increase, wound up with \$12.50—including \$8 in wages. And while Powers had insisted that his chief concern was not money but three matters of "principle," he got all that he wanted on only one of those principles. The three:

- **SHORTER WORK WEEK.** The publishers readily agreed to reduce the work week from 36½ hours to 35, since the printers really will be putting in the same amount of time on the job. They will give up half of their daily 30-minute "wash" periods to make up the difference, but they do stand to earn more overtime.



MAYOR WAGNER ON TV AFTER SETTLEMENT®  
It was the kind of thing that no one could win.

- **AUTOMATION.** The publishers agreed in principle to share with the printers part of the savings they will effect by introducing automatic typesetting equipment for stock market tables. The publishers thus established their right to bring more automated gear into their shops, and the printers reluctantly agreed that an arbitrator may be called in to determine their share of the benefits from the increased productivity.

- **CONTRACT EXPIRATION.** This is the point that Powers last month called the most important of all, "the key to our future." In the past, the New York Newspaper Guild set wage patterns because its contract expired first. Now Powers and the publishers have agreed that all union contracts should expire at the same time—giving the I.T.U. greater leverage. But the expiration date is to be two years from the day the new contract is signed, not the date the unions wanted—Oct. 31, 1964, the eve of a presidential election. Another problem: since the Guild already has a contract that lapses on Oct. 31, 1964, the publishers will have to negotiate a

new expiration date, and the Guild will certainly demand something in return for its cooperation. The pot sweeter could be the difference between the \$8.50 contract the Guild signed last fall and the \$12.50 that the I.T.U. will now be getting, or it could be an industry-wide contract, with benefits comparable to the I.T.U.'s, instead of pacts with individual papers.

**Nobody Wins.** Though the mailers' and stereotypers' unions were on strike along with the I.T.U., all three were expected to ratify the new contracts and withdraw their pickets. Once that happens, the presses that churn out 5,780,000 newspapers a day will roll once more. Over at Dorothy Schiff's Post, the presses had been going at top speed since the beginning of the week. Fed up with the impasse in negotiations, Dolly Schiff quit the Publishers Association and announced that her paper—one of five that closed voluntarily when the I.T.U. struck four others—would begin publishing again. Though the Post was not a bit more distinguished

than ever, its circulation, normally the most anemic among Manhattan's seven general dailies, shot up from 327,000 to 600,000. But nobody, not even Dolly, could expect it to stay there when the competition returned.

By using stolid persistence to keep the strike-weary printers and publishers at the negotiating table, Mayor Wagner won some badly needed prestige. And he capitalized on it by hurrying right over to the NBC television studios to discuss the settlement on *Today*. Bert Powers, on the other hand, lost much of whatever status he had. He irked union leaders by balking at the mayor's terms, prompted one of the principals in the talks to comment: "He almost snatched defeat from the jaws of victory." Only when Electrical Workers Union President Harry van Arsdale stepped in and told Powers, "You got everything you want, Bert," did he finally give in.

The printers—and 17,000 other news-

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paper employees—have already lost 13 weeks' pay to win a wage boost that is little more than what they could have got last December. "It will take them years to make up their lost income," said one publisher. Added Director Walter Thayer of the Herald Tribune: "This is not the kind of thing where anybody wins."

## The Friendly Pool

*The better one defines the position, the more indefinite the momentum becomes, and vice versa: or  $\Delta q \cdot \Delta p \approx h$ .*

—Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle

To most laymen, Physicist Werner Heisenberg's formula defining uncertainty is as incomprehensible as an income tax instruction sheet. But to Managing Editor Alfred Friendly of the Washington Post, it's as simple as  $\pi$ . What it means, Friendly explained in the current Bulletin of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, is that "the very act of observing or probing a phenomenon changes the phenomenon." Heisenberg developed his principle while studying electrons—tiny particles with properties that change even as they are being measured. Friendly applied the principle to the coverage of some important events by reporters in "battalion numbers." His conclusion: just as in Heisenberg's principle, reporters change the events—and usually for the worse.

Considering the cases of James Meredith at Ole Miss and Harvey Gantt at Clemson, Friendly said that "what might be a simple and quiet entrance of one Negro to one university could be transformed into a Roman circus, or indeed a riot, merely because we provided such an inviting audience and such a brilliant means for obtaining publicity." Friendly noted complaints that "the very presence of masses of reporters and photographers make what is already a difficult task close to impossible."

"Is there not some way," he asked, "by which we can discharge our duty to tell a legitimately interested public what transpires without at the same time adding fuel, by our very presence, to an already dangerous and inflammatory situation? Can we not work out some sort of pool?"

Friendly has a point. The shrieking housewives who made integration so difficult in New Orleans might have stayed home and done the dishes had there been no TV reporters to assure them of nationwide exposure, hair curlers and all—but then again, they might not. Men have wrought considerable mayhem without a single reporter in sight, and there have been cases where reporters have even served as a restraining leash. "To be sure," Friendly admitted, "the presence of the press at Clemson caused no trouble and did not create a bad story out of a good one."

He might also have added that the presence of only a single "pool" newsmen, capable of taking only so many notes and absorbing only so many impressions, could result in the dismissal of a good story with an inadequate report. It could also severely curtail the flow of information to a "legitimately interested public."



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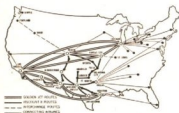
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# CONTINENTAL AIRLINES

## THE THEATER

### Neither Gyp nor Gem

Dear Me, the Sky Is Falling, by Leonard Spiegelglass. At a time when the immigrant mother is disappearing from real life, a blandly sentimental portrayal of her onstage is in such great nostalgic demand that *Dear Me* arrived on Broadway as a presold hit, with \$400,000 in advance ticket sales and a golden barge train of 365 theater parties in tow. Its chief asset is Gertrude Berg, a supermom with a heart as big as her *kutza*.

She plays Mama Hirsch, a Westchester matron of the affluent diaspora displaced from The Bronx. Mama Hirsch is not content to throw her weight around; she shot-puts her entire family. Her daughter (Jill Kraft) lands on a psychoanalyst's couch: Should she marry a button-down stuffed shirt or donate free love to a beardless



GERTRUDE BERG & JILL KRAFT  
In a matzo-ball soup opera.

beatnik? Mama's husband (Howard Da Silva) lands on a putting green, a golf widower torn between selling his house and business and retiring to Florida, or buying out his rival and increasing his headaches. Informed that she is too meddlesomely possessive, Mama joins daughter on the couch in her own folksy way: "I like a harder mattress." The kindly psychoanalyst offers her some open-sesame seeds of wisdom—be permissive. At play's end, everyone is (Freud should pardon the expression) well adjusted.

All of this is amiably flavorsome matzo-ball soup opera. Gertrude Berg is flawless in her comic timing, wry-arch in gesticulation, a singsong bird of prey who pounces on the feeblest line for a resounding laugh. For wit, there are Jewish folk inflections; for character, stereotypes; for comic insight, racial in-group jokes. Following up on his 1959 hit, *A Majority of One*, Spiegelglass proves that he can bring in greenback gushers without any risky drilling for dramatic art. He is a situation tinker, and his vocation is to be not a playwright but a millionaire.

*Dear Me, the Sky Is Falling* is that peculiarly ambivalent Broadway product, the disarmingly mindless comedy that a playgoer may attend without feeling gyped, or ignore without missing a thing.



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## FASHION

### The Waiting Game

The mother-to-be, as limned in the great glossy pages of ladies' magazines, is a veritable vision of delight. She is tastefully referred to as The Lady in Waiting, even occasionally as A Sacred Vessel; never said to be pregnant, she is merely awaiting The Experience. While awaiting, she does marvelous things like work in the garden; in her superbly tailored slacks and shirt, she looks jaunty enough for a cruise; nothing could ever make her nauseated. Or she finishes the velvet slippers she is whipping up for Dad; all embroidery done during The Period of Expectancy is performed under the pale light of a cut-glass chandelier, in a full-length chiffon hostess gown, no matter that it's the middle of the day. Or she shows three-year-old Junior the bassinet being readied for Baby; Junior, never having heard of sibling rivalry or displacement, smiles as he runs his freshly scrubbed hands over the imported organdy flounces that Mummy can have laundered for not more than \$50.

**Nothing Indelicate.** As for Mummy herself, she remains rosy-checked, good-humored and dashing dressed throughout, with nary a swollen ankle or an extra pound of weight to trouble her. There is no question but that her gentle gestation will terminate in the totally painless birth of a perfect, silky-haired baby who, like Mother, will never be bothered by anything so indelicate as diaper rash or colic.

The reality is different. If mother-to-be looks particularly rosy, chances are that the cause is not inner radiance but an increased metabolic rate. If she has fallen for that bassinet smothered with well-starched frills, she would do well to have a plain old basket standing by should

## MODERN LIVING

it ever become necessary for the child actually to go to sleep. And if, throughout the nine months of her pregnancy, the mother-to-be remains as slim and svelte as she appears in the magazines, then it is possible that what she is expecting is a paycheck rather than a baby, and that she is no mother but a fashion model.

**Something Neutral.** As for her clothes, unless she is prepared to shell out a large amount of cash for an entire wardrobe that she will never want to see again after its term of service, she will most likely settle for wearing her friends' maternity dresses. When, feeling particularly hand-me-down, she does venture out to buy something of her own, she is relegated to a small area of the department store. There the choice is limited and the service generally offered with an air first of suspicion ("This is the maternity department; it is for women who are expecting babies") and then of condescension; the customer's assurance of her eligibility is looked upon as an admission of carrying not a baby but a dread disease ("I think, in your condition and looking the way you do, you'd be better off in some neutral shade"). It is just about impossible to buy in any department but maternity; no matter how adequate the dress found on a different floor, it is there "for the regular customers," and the salesladies are wont to hint that the expectant mother has breached good taste simply by appearing out of the designated confines. It is occasionally suggested that she go home.

There remains only the bus ride, where few sacred vessels are ever offered seats, and the final trek on swollen ankles to the comfort of the living room couch. There, feet up and the day's housework still to do, the mother-to-be can scan again the picture books that tell her to make the most of this precious, pampered time.

## THE CITY

### Extra Grand Central

It rises like a giant tombstone above the skyline of Manhattan's East Side. It has been described as ugly—and undoubtedly it is not beautiful. But it claims to be the world's largest commercial office building.<sup>9</sup> And last week it opened with scissors snipping away at ribbons and oratory almost as windy as the wintry gusts that swirled around its 50 stories.

The Pan American Building is not as high as the Empire State, nor does it sprawl over as much acreage as the Pentagon, nor is it as monumental as the Roman Baths of Caracalla, after which Penn Station was modeled. But set down where it is, near one of the world's busiest rail-

<sup>9</sup> Chicago's Merchandise Mart is larger, but it is also an exhibition hall as well as an office building.



PAN AM BUILDING LOBBY  
After all the carping, a success.

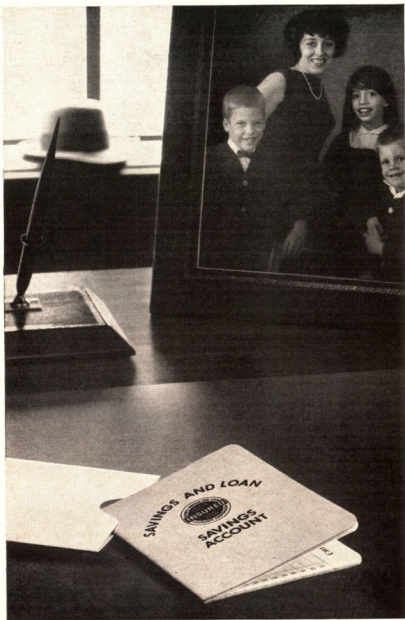
road stations, shaped as it is (eight sides), lit with incandescent lighting installed by Broadway Lighting Expert Abe Feder, it is bound to command attention.

Each day it will be inhabited by 17,000 people. Most of them will be whisked into the building by four electric escalators moving directly from Grand Central Terminal itself into the grandiose lobby brooded over by a bust of the founder, the late Erwin S. Wolfson. The fastest of the building's 65 elevators will rocket passengers to the top at the rate of two floors a second.

Few buildings have been built over so many protests. Esthetes argued that it would ruin the view down Park Avenue (it does). Commuters were fearful that it would overtax already swarming Grand Central Station. Argued Yale Professor Vincent Scully: "Except for brute expediency, it shouldn't be there at all." It was suggested that the site be used for a park instead. Wolfson agreed, but added conclusively: "Who can afford to dedicate a \$30 million plot to a park?"

Yet despite all the protests, the Pan Am got built, and by last week 91% of its space had been leased. The tenants were drawn there by the compelling fact that the building was on Manhattan's most convenient site—handy to the trains from Westchester and the Lexington Avenue subway, which would displace employees right on the corporate doorstep. Among the tenants were U.S. corporations ranging from Aluminum to Vanadium, branch offices of Canadian, British, Italian, Mexican and Japanese companies. And, of course, Pan American World Airways, which has leased one-quarter of the 2,400,000 sq. ft.

Since 1947, about 150 Class A office buildings, with some 50,632,000 sq. ft. of space, have been built on crowded Manhattan Island. Nearly all of them are



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rented at or near capacity (the overall vacancy rate is 3%). As the U.S.'s Headquarters City, New York seems to find eager customers for every new square foot.

Only 30 years ago, the skeptics laughed derisively when John D. Rockefeller Jr. built Rockefeller Center in midtown. But now that real estate, foot for foot, is probably the most valuable in town.

## HABITS

### One Way to Stop Smoking

Americans are quite willing to join an organization provided they get a membership card, pay dues that are tax-deductible, and get away from home at least one night a week. But alcoholics, gamblers and dope addicts who join such organizations as A.A., G.A., and Synanon have a special purpose. To get off the sauce, the dice or the pot, they need will power. And obviously will power languishes in loneliness but thrives in company.

Now there is a kind of A.A. for smokers. Like A.A., its meetings have spiritual overtones. It is led by a barnstorming preacher of the Seventh-day Adventist Church and a physician. At the end of their five-day course, they claim, 75% of all signees give up smoking, and up to 40% are still off tobacco a year later.

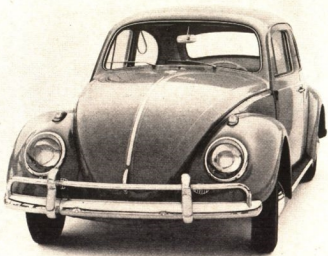
**A Spartan Regime.** From Seattle to New England, the Rev. Elman J. Folkenberg and Dr. J. Wayne McFarland have brought their weed-killing message to throngs of dry-throated smokers. Their approach is simple. "We consider smoking an intense neurophysical habit plus straight addiction," says Dr. McFarland. "So it has both physiological and psychological components. We deal with both."

They form penitents into groups of 25. And they install the buddy system: everyone who signs up gets the phone number of one other member, and pledges himself to check daily on his buddy's progress. Folkenberg gets smokers to repeat—in unison at meetings, and countless times a day—"I choose to give up smoking," as evidence that they are exercising their will power.

Along with the will power goes a Spartan regime, which specifies rhythmic breathing, with brisk walks, warm baths, cold rubdowns and a good night's rest. There is also a wallop dose of what sounds like near vegetarianism: a drink of warm water on awakening, only fresh fruit for breakfast (no coffee!), at least three glasses of water or juice during the morning, a sandwich and salad for lunch, more water or juice, and for dinner only light soup, fruit or green salad, with nothing headier than cottage cheese. Liquor is absolutely banned. So are pepper, mustard and other spices, along with spiced meats and rich desserts.

**Never on S.A.** Folkenberg and McFarland are already training other teachers in their methods. But there will never be an organization known as S.A. Once a smoker has shaken his habit, he is not about to remain anonymous. He is only too willing to tell the nicotine-stained how, through will power, he gave up the weed.





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## Heard any Volkswagen jokes lately?

Remember the one about the lady who looked under her front hood and thought somebody stole her engine?

Or the one about the guy at the gas station who didn't know where the gas went? Or the water?

Today, the gas station attendants know enough to put the gas in front. And they don't

bother checking your water or trying to sell you some anti-freeze.

(After all, they've seen enough VWs to know that our engine's in the rear; and that it's cooled by air, not water.)

The point is this: People used to make fun of our car, now they have fun with it.

Which helps explain why our joke file's

been getting a bit low. So, if you've heard any good VW quips or sayings or jokes, why not send them on?

Just write to John Stanley, Volkswagen of America, Englewood Cliffs, N. J. He'll start them on their rounds.

After all, nobody enjoys a good VW joke better than we do.



# SCIENCE

## ASTRONOMY

### A Clear View of Mars

In any telescopic observation of the planets, the first 20 miles are the hardest; the earth's dirty, turbulent atmosphere spoils the view. But last week a balloon-borne, unmanned telescope named Stratoscope II soared above all such standard troubles and took an unobstructed peek at Mars.

Below the gossamer-thin plastic bag that climbed over Palestine, Texas, dangled a 6,300-lb. L-shaped package as bulky as two Cadillacs. It was surely one of the most ungainly-looking loads ever hefted aloft. Designed and built by Perkin-Elmer Corp. of Norwalk, Conn., it contained a 36-in. mirror that would be a respectable size even for a solid-ground observatory, but that mirror was only the beginning. The telescope was suspended so that it could swing in all directions, under precise control by ground radio. It carried a coarse-vision television camera to act as a finder and pick up guide-stars. As the telescope's 18-ft. tube swung around the heavens, a fine-vision TV camera told operators on the ground what it was seeing. When the telescope was finally locked on target, it kept pointing properly despite the motion of the balloon and the turning of the earth.

Target for the night was Mars, riding ever higher in the sky as the night advanced. After a little guidance trouble, the soaring scope found the planet and focused its concentrated reddish light into a spectrometer that measured infra-red rays, recorded the readings on magnetic tape and transmitted them simultaneously to the ground. After a 12-hr., 700-mile flight, the balloon and telescope landed gently in Tennessee.

When carefully analyzed, Stratoscope's spectroscopic studies should yield new information on the atmosphere and climate of the red planet. Mars has no light of its own. The light that it sends to the earth is sunlight that passes down through the thin Martian atmosphere and is reflected out again. Loss of certain infra-red wave lengths during these two passages will prove the presence of water vapor, carbon dioxide and other interesting, life-supporting constituents.

First quick studies of Stratoscope's data showed that water vapor and CO<sub>2</sub> are indeed present, but scarce. Now the data have gone to the University of California for closer analysis, as scientists continue their search for any evidence of the possibility of Martian life.

### The Manic-Depressive Sun

The sun, the earth's own star, is mildly manic-depressive, passing from quiet to excitement on a roughly eleven-year cycle. It is quiet now and getting quieter. So on Jan. 1, 1964 scientists of 50 nations will take advantage of the solar silence to start IQSY, the International Years of the Quiet Sun,\* a study of the sun and its effects on the earth. Last week the National Academy of Sciences released an ambitious program for U.S. participation.

When Iksee gets going, the sun will be watched around the clock by all the souped-up instruments that have been proliferating in the world's observatories.

\* Officially initiated IQSY instead of IVQS so that it can be pronounced Iksee instead of Eeks. A Pioneer-type space probe launched during Iksee will be called PIQSY.

Its face will be studied for signs of unborn sunspots being gestated under the surface. Satellites and other spacecraft will measure all kinds of solar radiation, ultraviolet and X rays, that do not penetrate the earth's atmosphere. The sun's visible spectrum will be dissected for any detectable signs of differences during the quiet period. The great tongues of flame that leap from the sun's surface will be counted and measured.

**Bench Mark.** The purpose of all this activity will be to establish a bench mark showing conditions on the earth, the sun and in the space in between during the sun's quietest time. During Iksee, most of the sun's effects on earth will not be noticed by nonscientific people, especially those who live in cities. There will be fewer auroras, which are caused by charged particles from the excited sun tangling with the top of the earth's atmosphere. There will be no magnetic storms to jam long-range communication, but radio amateurs will have to switch to lower frequencies because the ionized layers in the upper atmosphere will be thinner, letting the hams' shorter wave lengths escape into space.

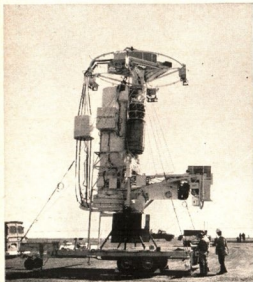
For scientists, though, the Quiet Years will bring hundreds of changes worth close attention. Besides being less ionized, the upper atmosphere will probably contain less ozone, and its absence will probably change the temperature of the stratosphere, and the effect may reach all the way down to the ground. No one knows now what this will do—or whether it will do anything—to the actual climate of the earth's inhabited areas. To find out, the scientists will launch a stream of high-flying balloons, free volleys of rockets into the upper atmosphere. One picturesque Iksee project will loose unmanned weather balloons into the eddy of wind that circulates around the North Pole. If the balloons stay aloft for a week, they should make at least one circuit, reporting to an international string of radio receivers.

**Sun Weather.** Behind most of the experiments is the hope of developing a technique of solar weather forecasting. Astronomers have known for many years that sunspots are storms on the sun, but until men and their instruments burst out into space, the solar storms had little significance for humans. They are vitally important now; the brilliant solar flares associated with sunspots spray the whole solar system with streams of deadly radiation. In the late 1960s, when U.S. astronauts are scheduled to start their voyages toward the moon, the sun will be getting manic once more. The astronauts' trips will be far safer if they can be scheduled for intervals between solar flares.

## ASTROPHYSICS

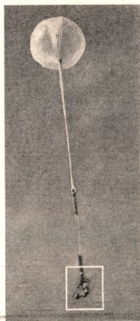
### Where Is the Fat Proton From?

Spread over miles of desert near Albuquerque, shallow disks of special plastic material bake in the sun. Connected by wire to a central laboratory, they are scintillometers set out to watch for enormously powerful cosmic rays that smack

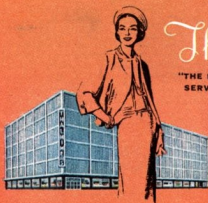


STRATOSCOPE II

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IN FLIGHT



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## "Why we chose the **NCR 315 Computer.**" —THALHIMER BROTHERS, INC., Richmond, Va.

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"Our 315 was delivered in May 1962 and we made the first customer billings for our Danville store one month later.

Each month we added one or more stores to our computer system, and are now completely processing all the customer accounts for our 12 stores in Richmond and Danville, Virginia, Greensboro, Winston-Salem and Durham, North Carolina.

"Essentially, our choice of the NCR 315 stemmed from the fact that we have had a long association with NCR—they know the problems of retailing. With the 315, we were able to install just those

pieces of equipment needed today, yet the system can be expanded as our future needs demand. And additionally, the 315 gives us a strong foundation upon which to grow and expand in the trading areas which we serve."

*William B. Thalheimer, Jr.*  
William B. Thalheimer, Jr., President  
Thalheimer Brothers, Inc.

NCR PROVIDES TOTAL SYSTEMS—FROM ORIGINAL ENTRY TO FINAL REPORT—THROUGH ACCOUNTING MACHINES, CASH REGISTERS OR ADDING MACHINES, AND DATA PROCESSING. The National Cash Register Co., 1,133 offices in 151 countries—79 years of helping business save money.

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into atoms in the high atmosphere and, as a result of the crash, spray the earth's surface with millions of subatomic particles. Despite the minute size of his quarry, Physicist John Linsley of M.I.T., who operates the ray trap, reported a tremendous catch: a shower of 50 billion particles.

According to Linsley's calculations, the primary ray that caused all the ruckus must have had 100 billion billion electron-volts of energy—three billion times the power of man's biggest atom smashers. If the cosmic-ray invader consisted of only one proton, as Linsley believes, its fierce energy must have made it weigh 100 billion times as much as a normal earthly proton.

Where did the fat proton with its great cargo of energy come from? Cosmic rays

## MECHANICS

### How to Knit a Yacht

The textile industry has long depended on large machines for knitting such small items as stockings and sweaters, but the current boom in skin-tight stretch clothes has hatched far more ambitious devices. In Britain, Macqueen Cybernetics Ltd. has developed a monster that can do practically everything for a knitted garment except pour the customer into it. It scans a design electronically, then out of its computer brain come punched tapes that control the pattern of the material and tell each needle when to knit or purl.

Once set to work, the machine eats up yarn and knits in a frenzy. It works in eight colors and three dimensions, making the garment an exact fit for the figure for



INVENTOR MACQUEEN WITH KNITTING MACHINE  
And an ear on his tum.

are generally believed to be charged particles that have been speeded up by magnetic fields that are known to exist between the stars. But though this theory serves well enough for ordinary rays, the Milky Way galaxy to which the sun and its planets belong lacks magnetism strong enough to load  $10^{16}$  electron-volts on a lone proton. Nothing else in the galaxy, such as an exploding supernova, could do the job either.

Dr. Linsley believes that his fat proton must have come from some turbulent galaxy in far-distant space, where great forces exist that could give it the energy that it carried to earth. In the past, cosmic-ray scientists have only speculated about such turbulent galaxies, but radio astronomers have recently found a host of likely candidates. They seem to have blown up in some mysterious way and are giving off vast amounts of radio waves (TIME, Dec. 14). Dr. Linsley suspects that his fat proton may have got its speed and energy in one of these enormous explosions that involved billions of stars. If so, that proton traveled toward the earth at nearly the speed of light, perhaps for billions of years.

which it was designed. An elaborately tailored dress, ready for buttons and hemming, takes about 52 minutes. The tapes can be changed quickly to make a different size or pattern.

Kenneth G. MacQueen, who developed the demon knitter, began his career as a medical student but "whammed out because I wasn't much good." Then he manufactured rubber facial replacements for disfigured war victims. "To make sure they would stick," he says, "I sandpapered my tum and fixed an ear onto it with cement and wore it four months." After stints with airplane instruments, cosmetic packaging, department stores and advertising, he bore down on an alliance between electronics and knitting.

Bigger things now beckon. "Boats! Yachts!" says MacQueen enthusiastically. "There's no difference, really, between knitting a boat and knitting a bra cup. The boat is about the same shape, just bigger that's all." He is hard at work on a machine to knit glass-fiber yarn into streamlined boat hulls up to 40 ft. long. "You put the garment into a mold," says MacQueen, "and plasticize it. Hey, presto! You have a yacht!"



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800 cheerful, attractive rooms and suites, all with bar-refrigerators, extra 'phone in the bath, TV, hi-fi radio. Other extras include: 24-hour room service; in-hotel garage; concierge; two delightful restaurants: Gaucho Steak House, Casa del Cafe. Rates from \$14 single; \$16 double.

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In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all - results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) - discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H®. Ask for it at all drug counters.

**Fisher** World's finest **Pen**  
writing ball point

### NOW - ENJOY SMOKING WITHOUT INHALING



A new concept in smoking.  
Cigarette size and  
package convenience... but  
no paper wrapper.  
Cigar tobacco for full flavor.  
**TREND Little CIGARS**  
35c pack of 20

## SPORT

### According to Plan

On the sideline at the Chicago Daily News Relays, trim, balding Track Coach Mihaly Igloi stood with a slip of paper clenched tightly in his fist. Scrawled on the paper was a series of digits: 1:02, 2:04, 3:09, 4:14, 5:19, 6:24, 7:29, 8:31. These were the times at which jaunty Jim Beatty, 28, the best U.S. distance runner and holder of the world indoor record for the mile, was to complete each segment of a precisely planned assault on the indoor two-mile record (8 min. 34.4 sec.) held by New Zealand's Murray Halberg.

"The part that worried me," said Beatty, "was the first quarter-mile. I was skeptical about my ability to run that in 62 sec., because I am so used to running a mile pace, which calls for about a 58-sec. first quarter." His time for the quarter: 1 min. 1.5 sec., just .5 sec. ahead of plan. At the halfway mark, his last challenger, Canada's Bruce Kidd, left 15 yds. behind. All by himself, Beatty continued on—pat, pat, pat, his feet making almost no sound on the board track, his elbows wide, wrists dangling loosely, body starchy erect.

With a half-mile to go, Beatty's lead grew to half a lap, and 16,759 fans suddenly came alive. Throughout the last two laps, the stamping, clapping, cheering followed Beatty's steady course around the Chicago Stadium like a series of breakers rolling onto a beach. Beatty sailed through the tape, crossed himself, continued jog-

ging, and waved happily to the crowd. The judges announced his time: 8 min. 30.7 sec.—almost exactly according to plan and a new world record, by nearly 4 sec. Coach Igloi paid Beatty his supreme compliment, "He does," said Igloi, "what I tell him to do."

### How to Succeed by Trying

The lilting strains of Johann Strauss's *Graduation Ball* waited through Cortina, Italy, as a sturdy blonde girl glided around the open-air rink. The music leaped, and the girl leaped too—a twisting "double axel" that sent her hurtling through the air until she glided back on the ice. The music played on, and each time it soared, she soared—through intricate "flying camels," "double toe-loops" and "flying sit-spins." The performance ended, The Netherlands' Sjoukje Dijkstra, 21, smiled sweetly, acknowledging the bravos. She smiled again, less demurely, when the judges announced her score (5.9 out of a possible 6.0 points) and gave her the world's figure-skating championship for the second year in a row.

**Strength of a Man.** Watching the show as a spectator, the U.S.'s Dick Button, five times a world champion himself, was awed by the Dutch girl. "Tremendous. She has the strength of a man. She is probably the most powerful woman skater who has ever existed." Packing a muscular 140 lbs. on her 5-ft., 6-in. frame, Sjoukje Dijkstra does not try to dazzle the judges with her femininity. She cuts the ice with

her athletic ability and prim, perfect routines. Other skaters warm up in buttons and bows, but Sjoukje wears a blue sweatsuit marked "Nederland." "It's just working hard that makes you good," she says, and when she is in training—as she is six hours a day, five days a week, seven months a year—she has no time for dates and such. "Sjoukje," says her father, an Amsterdam doctor and onetime speed skater, "is in love with her skates."

When Sjoukje was six, her father gave her a pair of skates and, says he, she "sped away immediately." Not long afterward she broke a leg skating, but Daddy pressed on. At ten, Sjoukje was studying in London under a Swiss-born trainer named Arnold Gerschwiller, and two years later she placed 14th in her first major competition—the European championships. At 13, she gave up formal schooling in favor of skating: she was twelfth at the 1956 Olympics, second at the 1960 Olympics, won the first of four straight European championships that same year.

**"You Can Do Better!"** Near perfect in free skating, she is unexcelled in the taxing compulsory figures hated by most skaters. Her powerful leg muscles give her the iron control required for the rigid maneuvers in which each turn of a figure must be made in the same groove as the previous one. Yet no matter how well Sjoukje does, Gerschwiller always snorts: "You can do better than that."

At Cortina, after the first two days of the demanding brackets, loops and paragraph threes of the compulsory figures, she was 50 points ahead of her closest rival. Just the same, she hung around the rink until 11 p.m., watching other skaters work. Then she went out and put on the most dazzling free-skating performance of her career.

### Misters Big

Every year, when spring rains start the bluegrass sprouting, some high-strung U.S. race horse suddenly gets the attention usually reserved for movie stars and .400 hitters. Servants cater to his whims, columnists dog his hoofsteps, and genealogists start excavating the deepest roots of his family tree. He has a name—in 1961 it was Carry Back, last year it was Ridan—but to railbirds he is always known simply as Mr. Big; the favorite for the Kentucky Derby.

This year there are two Mister Bigs—and for good reason. Harry Guggenheim's Never Bend and Rex Ellsworth's Candy Spots already rank head-and-hindquarters above the rest of U.S. three-year-olds. When they meet for a showdown on May 4 at Churchill Downs, the race will be one of the year's great sports attractions.

**East v. West.** As a two-year-old, Never Bend won seven of ten races and an all-time record \$402,969; two weeks ago he clearly stamped himself the best in the East by coasting to a five-length victory in Florida's \$136,600 Flamingo Stakes. The West's champion, Candy Spots, has an even cleaner record: he has won all his five races, and on the same day that Never Bend won the Flamingo, he skirted a four-horse pile-up to win California's \$143,300 Santa Anita Derby by 1½ lengths.

Each horse is impeccably sired: Never Bend by the Irish stallion Nasrullah (other offspring: Nashua, Bold Ruler, Jaipur), Candy Spots by the Argentine stakes winner Nigromante. As a matter of fact, the two horses seem so closely matched that even the oddsmakers are having trouble. Last week in Tijuana,



CHAMPION DIJKSTRA IN ACTION  
Cutting the ice with muscle and work.

PICTORIAL PARADE



NEVER BEND WINNING THE FLAMINGO



CANDY SPOTS WINNING THE SANTA ANITA DERBY  
Head-and-hindquarters above the rest.

Mexico bookies quoted Never Bend at 2 to 1 to win the Kentucky Derby, Candy Spots at 3 to 1.

But there the similarity ends. A medium-sized colt with a shining dark bay coat, Never Bend likes to grab an early lead and fight off challengers. Candy Spots is a strapping chestnut with curious black and white spots on his rump, who prefers to dwell in the pack, then turn on a withering burst of speed in the stretch. And the horses could hardly have more contrasting jockeys. Never Bend's regular rider is fiery Panamanian Manuel Ycaza, 25, whose terrible-tempered tactics earn him almost as much time on suspension as in the saddle. Candy Spots's jockey is coldly efficient Willie Shoemaker, 31, the top money-winning jockey (\$2,916,844 last year) in the world.

**Cowboy v. Millionaire.** For horsemen the 1963 Kentucky Derby also shapes up as a contest of purpose and theory. Rex Ellsworth has come a far piece since he showed up in Kentucky in 1933 with \$600 in his poke and a yen to buy some brood mares. His mercurial colt Swaps outran Nashua in the 1955 Derby, and his horses won \$1,154,454 last year. Now Ellsworth owns a 440-acre ranch in Chino, Calif., 1,000 sq. mi. of range land in Arizona and New Mexico, and about 500 head of high-priced thoroughbred horseflesh. At 55 he still insists, "I am not an ex-cowboy, I am a cowboy." He scoffs at the idea that horses can think, and trains his racers

in ways (cuffing their ears to teach them response to the reins) that are heartily disliked by Eastern horse lovers.

To Guggenheim, 72, a mining executive, plantation owner, publisher (Newsday) and philanthropist, racing is a hobby, not a business. He has spent millions making his Cain Hoy Stable one of the most formidable in U.S. racing. His 25-1 longshot, Dark Star, won the 1953 Derby—handing Native Dancer the only defeat of his career. Guggenheim does not believe in overworking a race horse. "My only concern with racing today is to try to keep a horse sound," he says. But Never Bend has been so busy that he stands a good chance of becoming U.S. racing's first three-year-old millionaire.

Guggenheim and Ellsworth have matched their prize colts once before. Never Bend and Candy Spots met as two-year-olds at last summer's \$357,250 Arlington-Washington Futurity in Chicago. It was a bad day all around for Guggenheim. Candy Spots won by a half-length, and Never Bend's Jockey Ycaza was grounded for 60 days for a "completely unwarranted" claim of foul. Yet both horses were operating under handicaps. Never Bend had sprained a back muscle at Saratoga, and Candy Spots, still green, was running in only his third race. "Candy Spots won magnificently," Guggenheim says graciously—but he does not consider the race a true test of the better horse. That comes on Derby Day.

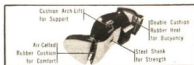
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## SHOW BUSINESS

### ANIMALS

#### Bum Steer

The situation seemed grim. For one thing, it was raining. For another, only three of the 80 persons expected to march on Washington from Baltimore showed up. But the picketers hoisted their signs high and circled the White House for seven hours straight. "Mrs. Kennedy," pleaded the placards, "Won't You Please Clothe Your Horse for Decency?" SINA was on the march.

As explained by President G. Clifford Prout Jr., 32, and gleefully reported in the nation's press, the Society for Indecency to Naked Animals was founded four years ago by his late father, a St. Louis real estate man, who left \$400,000 to institute an organization dedicated to the proposition that "all animals should wear clothing for the sake of decency." "It should have been the Society Against Indecency to Naked Animals, of course," explained the junior Prout disarmingly, "but unfortunately my father was a little—well, not quite of sound mind when he drew up the will, and he used the wrong preposition."

**Grave Danger.** Prout claimed a membership of more than 50,000, and 47 chapters throughout the country, all dedicated to clothing pets in breakaway shorts, pants or wrap-around skirts. How about calls of nature? Easy enough, says SINA; a few weeks of practice, and any animal can learn to lower his pants with his teeth.

Picketer and SINA Vice President Bruce Spencer declared that the major immediate problem is "the grave danger of people seeking vicarious thrills by looking at nude animals. Automobile drivers are constantly getting into wrecks because they find themselves diverted by the sight of a naked cow or bull grazing right beside the highway. For just that reason, we have declared the New Jersey Turnpike a moral disaster area. We feel that people should no more take children to a zoo than to a burlesque show." (Last summer President Prout personally supervised the dressing of animals at the San Francisco Zoo.)



GORDON PETERS—SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

**Buck & Fawn**  
A well-dressed hoax.



LARRY MUELLER AT HOME  
A well-loaded shack.

J. EDWARD BAILEY

**Another Explanation.** SINA, however, is not itself free from burlesque. By week's end it developed that G. Clifford Prout Sr. not only did not die in St. Louis; he did not ever live there, or anywhere. As for Junior, he turned out to be a successful writer for the *Garry Moore Show*. His real professional name: Buck Henry. His real name: Buck Zuckerman. His explanation: "It's not fair to say G. Clifford Prout Jr. doesn't exist. A large part of the time that is who I am." A more thorough explanation was to be found in a just-released record, *Inside SINA*, narrated by, of all people, Vice President Spencer. It is very funny. Sales, while they may never total the original \$400,000 with which the society was founded, should at least give SINA the last, best laugh.

## TELEVISION

### The Amateurs

Larry Mueller, a research engineer at the Burroughs business machines company in Detroit, has a puppet at home named Mickey. His friend John Mayer, general manager of a small Detroit electronics firm, has a three-year-old son named David. Their homes are some miles apart, but on certain completely unpredictable emergency evenings, only Mickey can make David agree to go to bed. On those evenings, John Mayer takes his son down to the basement, turns on his ham TV equipment and tunes in Mickey. Before long the puppet has persuaded the kid to hit the sack.

Mueller was among the first, but he and Mayer are by no means the only ham television broadcasters in the country. There are about 200 of them scattered around, although most are concentrated in Detroit, Toledo and Columbus. These amateur NBCs even have their own trade journal, the *Amateur TV Experimenter*. It is less than a year old, with 500 subscribers now and an average of ten new ones coming in each day.

A commercial TV camera and dolly can cost as much as \$40,000, but the hams can build their own simpler ones for as little as \$75. Many of them are using small cameras that the Air Force once used as part of the guidance system on drone bombers—available as surplus material for \$100 to \$200 apiece. Towers or high antennas are also needed, and before they are ready to broadcast, many TV hams spend as much as \$3,000 incorporating such zappy features as wide-angle lenses. All of them are also ham radio operators by necessity, to supply the audio. And their shacks—the hams' word for any space containing their equipment—are loaded with dial-studded cabinets, control panels, cameras and receiving sets. Ham TV is assigned a limited range in the ultra-high frequencies, but ordinary TV sets can be modified to receive the ham signals.

Television amateurs spend much time panning around their shacks and bragging about their equipment. They also give their audiences lingering shots of the supine fecundities of pinup girls. The squarer ones show off their wives, who used to hang around the shacks in curlers during the old radio days but now sit at their dressing tables for hours before joining their ingenious husbands on TV. Hams are not permitted to present entertainment, but they do show home movies and bring on relatives who play the harmonica, much as Jack Paar and Ed Sullivan do. One San Francisco ham likes to take his camera out in the street and show his air pals what is going on in the neighborhood.

Until recently most broadcasts have been limited to short distances, since the FCC permitted ham stations to operate only on 30 watts. This year they have raised it to 1,000 watts (WNBC New York operates on 10,000 watts). Under certain weather conditions, however, remarkable things happen. Larry Mueller once made visual contact with a fellow in Fort Recovery Ohio, 170 miles away.

## VENEZUELA



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## ART



"CROQUET"

Common, everyday scenes . . .

### Eilshemius, the UNIQUE

He called himself the "world's master artist." He wrote that he was the "Most Original—Most Prolific—Most Versatile." that he was, in fact, "UNIQUE." In one respect, Louis M. Eilshemius was. Though many artists have had their periods of vogue and obscurity, the ups and downs of Eilshemius have been the steepest.

He was ignored during most of his lifetime, then lionized, and then ignored again. Since his death at 77 in a psychopathic ward in Manhattan's Bellevue Hospital, interest in him has several times waxed and waned. Last week Manhattan's Balin-Traube Gallery, displaying 36 of his works, posed the question again: What is Eilshemius' place in American art?

**Outlandish Revels.** The drawing of a child's head that he did at 14, as well as a watercolor from his late teens, prove that he was a meticulous craftsman who could, if he had wanted, have bent to any fashion. But he wanted, as he said in a short story that he wrote about an artist who was obviously himself, to "revel in outlandish subjects." He could sometimes give a moonlit sky the same haunted-universe feeling as his contemporary, Albert Ryder. He could paint a game of croquet or a scene in Central Park with such feathery charm that these common, everyday scenes hardly seemed to come from reality. He painted innumerable nudes in all sorts of settings, and they all look as if he had made up the anatomy as he went along; sometimes they swirl about like leaves in the wind. Beach scenes, forests, Biblical stories, murders and imaginary wars poured from Eilshemius' brush—some repugnant, some enormously appealing, like the man himself.

Until he was 53, his work was rejected almost continuously by every U.S. show place, from the annual exhibitions of the National Academy to the famous Armory Show of 1913. Then, in 1917, he was accepted by an exhibition of independents, and French Painter Marcel Duchamp, the

sensation of the Armory, declared an Eilshemius nude the finest painting of the 2,000 in the show. Artists such as Painter Joseph Stella and Sculptor Gaston Lachaise took up the Eilshemius banner.

Soon the dealers of 57th Street began to besiege him. But Eilshemius, who had inherited a bit of money, had no sense of business. He let his canvases go for pennies to dealers who cleaned up. As his money dwindled, he began painting on bits of newspaper, wood from cigar boxes, even the manuscripts of the strange piano pieces he composed. Finally, in 1921, a full 20 years before his death, he simply gave up painting entirely.

**Womanologist & Mesmerist.** His later life, as Biographer William Schack describes it, was a pathetic and half-demented tirade against the way the world had treated him. He was, after all, an "artist, author, composer, dramatist, globe-trotter, improvisatore, womanologist, librettist, inventor, mesmerist." He had been, he told the world, the champion of everything, from shooting to pole vaulting; he was one of the world's great lovers,



"AFTERNOON WIND"

. . . hardly seemed to come from reality.

though "a genius gets tired of a girl in two months." As for other painters, he had no use for "this Picasso-basso fellow," or for "Bellini-meany," or for Michelangelo ("nyeh, nyeh, nyeh").

When he was 68, he was hit by a car; and until he was sent to Bellevue he remained confined to one room in the moldering Manhattan mansion that he shared with a hated brother named Henry. "No one has seemed to care about me and my works," he said; but he was wrong. He has a fiercely loyal following that still includes Collectors Roy R. Neuberger and Joseph Hirshhorn, Sculptor Louise Nevelson and Dealer Sidney Janis. He is the unforgettable forgotten man of American art—a ranting, raving, bedraggled, bearded old eccentric, who proved in scores and scores of paintings that there was not only magic in his brand of madness but often greatness too.

### Acquisitionitis

The supply of old masters available to the market is just about exhausted, but U.S. museums seem to keep right on buying old masters. In a trenchant little article in *The Art Gallery*, Director Daniel Catton Rich of the Worcester (Mass.) Art Museum charges that in the process they often dig up paintings that should have been left buried, that the era of masterpieceitis is giving way to the "era of the second-rate."

"I am all for exploring forgotten periods and personalities in art," he says. "But along with the 'fresh' look has often come the faded flower. Our collections are blossoming out with Torbidoes instead of Titians, and the names of Bartolommeo della Gatta, Alunno de Benozzo and Cecco del Caravaggio are found on those little, unreadable labels which we persist in affixing to antique frames." University art departments are also apt to suffer from acquisitionitis—the compulsion to get something, no matter how inferior, from as many periods and schools as possible. Advises Rich: "Put the prospective acquisition next to the Goya or the Rembrandt, to see how it holds up. If it doesn't, call 'Railway Express at once.'"





"HERCULES SLAYING THE HYDRA"



"HERCULES SLAYING ANTAEUS"

## PURLOINED POLLAIUOLO PANELS

ON July 17, 1944, a Nazi truck convoy was crossing a pontoon bridge over the Po River in northern Italy when Allied bombers attacked. One driver was killed, but the trucks got across. Their cargo: a priceless haul of masterpieces, including the two pictured above, from Florence's Uffizi Gallery and Pitti Palace.

After the Allies landed in 1943, the Germans looted northern Italy as though it were an occupied territory. The most defiant response to this looting that Mussolini (by then only the head of the remains of the Fascist Party in the north) could bring himself to make was a demand for a list of the stolen art's whereabouts. Strangely, when he got the 19-page list, page 18 was missing; some German official (perhaps Göring) wanted to keep *Il Duce* from finding certain of the paintings, including the Pollaiuolos. The inventory helped Italy recover nearly all the paintings it listed, but until last December no trace was found of those on the missing page.

Then one night in Pasadena, Calif., a German immi-

grant waiter named Johann Meindl was watching television and heard an art restorer remark that there were many masterpieces hanging incognito on people's walls whose value not even their owners dreamed of. Meindl wondered whether the two pocket-sized paintings (one is 6¾ by 4¾ in., the other 6¼ by 3¾ in.) he had been given in 1946 by an old teacher of his in Munich, Fräulein Josephine Werkman, just before her death, might be worth something. He took them to the restorer, who recognized them as the missing Pollaiuolos, worth perhaps \$500,000 each.

Italy's official lost-art detective, Rodolfo Siviero, flew to Pasadena and verified the find. After showings in Washington and New York, the Pollaiuolos were sent back to the Uffizi. German police, tracing wartime cronies of the Meindls, recovered five more looted paintings (including a Bronzino *Deposizione* and a Lorenzo di Credi) from an old man in Munich who turned them over on a police promise to keep his name secret.



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

## In Turkey, they almost cooked my goose with their Ring-of-Fire leap

**1.** "It was too late to back out," writes Cluck Kern, American friend of Canadian Club, "but as the flames crackled around the ring I had to jump through, I called myself seven kinds of idiot. In Turkey, only top athletes from colleges and military academies dare the 'ring-of-fire leap' but I let my friends kid me into making the try. It seemed simple—just a run ending with a dive through a hoop. But what a difference when they pour on gasoline and set the ring on fire!



BY ROYAL WARRANT TO THE EXCLUSIVE  
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**2.** "The flames formed a searing curtain. Miss the center and more than my pride would suffer. I sprinted down the path. With every ounce of strength I had, I leaped headfirst at the ring.



**3.** "I aimed for the center but I jumped too high. A flame licked at my shirt and I was on fire! Even before my feet touched the ground, my Turkish friends were on me, tearing off the flaming shirt.

**4.** "I was more than a little shaken by my close call so I welcomed my friends' suggestion of a consoling drink of their favorite whisky...and mine... Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. You owe it to yourself to start enjoying Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—this very evening.

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BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS, INC., DETROIT, MICH. 50.8 PROOF, BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Ingemar Johansson, 30, Sweden's ex-heavyweight champion; and Birgit Lundgren Johansson, 26, his bride of ten months: a son; in Gothenburg.

**Born.** To Margaret Truman Daniel, 39, Harry's daughter, and Elbert Clifton Daniel Jr., 50, an assistant managing editor of the New York Times: their third son; in Manhattan.

**Married.** Hedy Lamarr, 47, Vienna-born former film siren (*Ecstasy*), and Lewis William Boies Jr., 42, film-colony lawyer; she for the sixth time, he for the second; in Fresno, Calif.

**Divorced.** By Peter Sellers, 37, Britain's master of movie mimicry (*I'm All Right, Jack*); Anne Sellers, 32; on grounds of her adultery; after eleven years of marriage, two children; in London.

**Died.** Nancy Ann Boyd, 20, first girl, and sixth young American, to die while on duty overseas with the U.S. Peace Corps; in the crash of a DC-3; near Davao in the Philippines.

**Died.** Dr. Dorothy Hansine Andersen, 62, pathologist at Columbia's College of Physicians & Surgeons, who in 1938 was the first U.S. doctor to describe cystic fibrosis of the pancreas, a fatal hereditary disease; of cancer; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Walter Prescott Webb, 74, gruff, leathery historian of the U.S. West, a saddle-bred Texan, author (*The Great Plains*), and longtime University of Texas professor; in an auto crash; near Austin.

**Died.** Irving Sands Olds, 76, former board chairman of U.S. Steel Corp. (1940-53), an affable Pennsylvania lawyer who made his early mark on Wall Street, joined U.S. Steel in 1936 as a director and within four years was the man in charge, leading Big Steel through the war years and to expanded production afterward; of cancer; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Dr. William Carlos Williams, 79, general practitioner of small-town medicine and U.S. poetry; of a stroke; in Rutherford, N.J. (see MEDICINE).

**Died.** Alfred Claude Bromhead, 86, British movie pioneer and co-founder of Gaumont films, who scored a newsreel triumph by filming the London arrival of Boer War leaders in 1902, gave Britons talks in 1909, and color in 1913; of a heart attack; in Richmond, England.

**Died.** Ahmed Lotfi el Sayed, 91, Egyptian elder statesman and scholar, rector of Cairo University, onetime Minister of Education, emancipator of Moslem women by insisting on their right to a university education, translator into Arabic of Plato and Aristotle; in Cairo.

### Fate is Fickle.

Conditions may arise that change your financial circumstances. This is why Mutual Benefit Life policies offer a contract right to change to a higher or lower premium policy, under a most liberal provision. This is a distinct advantage for anyone whose responsibilities have increased or decreased, or whose earnings start later and may decrease earlier. And it's just one of "Seven Significant Benefits" in every MBL policy.

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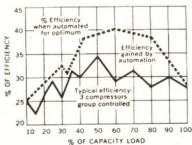
Today, mechanical and electrical systems represent up to 50% of a modern building's cost. Public or private—office, factory, store, school, college, hospital or hotel—it is a machine almost as much as a structure.

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You can automate, coordinate and centralize control of your air conditioning or heating; fire detection and alarm; security against intrusion and theft; clock systems; equipment surveillance—to the precise degree that will pay. Automation can mean more than supervision at a central point—far more. It

can start your power-consuming air conditioning equipment such as compressors in just the right sequence and loading combinations that provide optimum efficiency for any demand.

The graph below shows the efficiency increase estimated for an actual building by



automating control of 3 compressors for the most efficient performance at any load.

Imagine what such a boost in efficiency would do for your building . . . a good example of how well planned automated building systems offer extraordinary savings.

## **Simple systems for small buildings, robots for big ones**

For smaller buildings, there are new and simpler central-control systems; for large buildings, computer-guided robots. Such a robot can analyze scores of variables including weather, load, fuel costs—and instantly assign the load to your equipment for the desired cooling at least expense.

So new developments make more automation practical for buildings of all sizes, new or being modernized.

## **Often pays for itself in as little as 3 to 5 years**

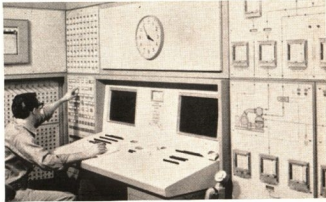
Automated central control often pays for itself so swiftly, in as little as 3 to 5 years, that it's almost unbelievable.

Yet many reports to Honeywell confirm it and show why. For one thing, using Honeywell systems, it's now simpler to automate only the operations you need, in any combination. Some of the functions you can automate include:

## **Now practical from small structures . . . to towering skyscrapers**



**For stores and shops.** This compact Honeywell control panel makes it simple to adapt air conditioning to changing needs in Fred Harvey restaurant, NW Tollway, near Chicago. This type is often ideal for other small buildings such as stores, apartments, motels and clinics. It can include fire and security systems, other functions.



**For Office Buildings and Institutions.** In the 64-floor Chase Manhattan Bank, New York, two Honeywell Selectographic Data Centers supervise air conditioning and many other electrical and mechanical systems. This Honeywell setup is less than 17 ft., including a 732-station recorder. A conventional panel for the same duties would probably be more than 70 feet long.



**Temperature, humidity:** From a central control panel distant temperatures and humidities can be read and corrected.

**Equipment surveillance:** Automatic pinpointing of off-normal conditions eliminates human error. Includes monitoring of steam and water pressures, etc.

**Building security, fire alarm systems:** New electronic, sonic and other detectors that see and hear in the dark or far away; spot even a wisp of smoke that signals a fire; or feel presence of an intruder even approaching a security zone.

**Clock systems and programming:** Start-stop of equipment at proper time, in proper sequence. Built-in memories to do the right thing after power failure.

**Automatic data logging:** Recorders provide system information, can produce costing-billing and make possible systems analysis.

These are only a few of Honeywell's automation capabilities. Only an analysis of your building will show which you can most profitably use, and how.

## Savings may be greater than you expect

One of America's best known building managers says: "Many of us would be shocked at costs we're footing—if we only stopped to analyze and find the leaks."

For instance, in many typical installations today, Operator John Doe can spend hours starting, checking and stopping equipment.

But by glancing at simple graphic layouts of each system on a Honeywell control center, John Doe could start the machinery, listen to it on an audio system and note pressures and temperatures. Shutdown is just as simple. This can be a real cost saving.

## Are some new buildings obsolete before completion?

Despite swift progress in equipment for automation, 3 out of 4 commercial buildings going up today lack automated controls such as Honeywell offers. One conclusion is that many of them, despite handsome facades and lobbies, are operationally obsolete before completion.

While automated control may be added later, it will then cost more, plus the loss meanwhile in "hidden" costs such as:

- Wasted manhours in walking tours, adjusting equipment, logging data.
- Lost time avoidable by preventive maintenance made easier by central control.
- Time lost by maintenance on an arbitrary guesswork scheme instead of an optimum program keyed to need. (The latter is made possible by system analysis that detects a drop in efficiency, warns when it's time for a checkup, and helps avoid costly breakdowns.)
- Lost hours caring for complaints—often, too late to mollify the complainers—that are minimized by modern automation.

All in all, in many an existing building, the owner is paying for automation whether he has it or not. And actually paying more if he doesn't have it.

## Modern automation began with this thermostat

You probably know this thermostat—the Honeywell Round. Maybe it never occurred to you that the first Honeywell thermostat was the real ancestor of building automation. But it is. Its principle is the common denominator of automating industrial processes, space guidance systems or a building.

And you can expect Honeywell, as an automation pioneer, to serve you better than any other company with the right control systems, properly integrated, for best results. Here's why.

## Only Honeywell designs, builds, installs, maintains all these control systems

Only Honeywell devotes an entire factory to making central control panels, one evidence of its leadership.

Only Honeywell manufactures the panel and all equipment used on it.

Only Honeywell makes all 3 types of control systems—electronic, electric and pneumatic. So Honeywell automation specialists are free to advise any type or combination that's best for you.

## Honeywell miniaturization saves costly floor space

If you've seen some control panels, you may have demurred at their size. Honeywell miniaturization makes huge panels unnecessary in your building today.

Honeywell's Selectographic® Data Center takes little more space than a desk. From this console, one man can supervise air conditioning of a 40-story building.

In a typical large building where conventional panels would need about 1,200 sq. ft., the Selectographic uses only 200.

At building costs of \$15-\$30 a sq. ft., space for a conventional panel would cost about \$15,000-\$30,000 more than it would for the Honeywell Selectographic. At a \$3-\$8 rental value, it saves space worth



\$3,000-\$8,000 a year or \$120,000-\$320,000 over the building's 40-year life.

Other Honeywell advances slash wiring costs. In a typical building, Honeywell's Multiplexer relay system reduced the number of wires needed by 79%.

Another Honeywell control is capable of checking 100 points in 3 seconds, reports anything off-normal. How fast could a man do it?

If you need continuous indication of variables, Honeywell has it. Automatic data logging? Honeywell has it. System analyzers? Honeywell has them. A lease-purchase plan? Honeywell has it. And if you want a definitely budgetable maintenance cost with no surprises to upset you, Honeywell offers that, too.

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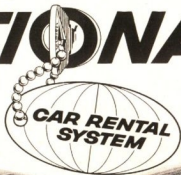


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# U.S. BUSINESS

## STATE OF BUSINESS

### The Young Jobless

To a nation that considers itself affluent and prides itself on opportunity for all, the persistently high U.S. unemployment rate is an acute embarrassment. Last week the Labor Department announced that 6.1% of the work force was out of work in February, the highest number in 15 months. Some economists blamed the increased unemployment on bad weather, noting that the biggest drops were in the weather-sensitive construction, farming and durable-goods industries. Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz, echoing a familiar New Frontier theme, blamed the trouble on something more basic. "Our economy today is simply not expanding fast enough," he said. "It must do so if we are to avoid an economic downturn."

The latest statistics show a bothersome rise of 124,000 in joblessness among men over 19, and an increase in the number of workers who have been out of work for 15 weeks or more. But the most disturbing figure is the number of unemployed teenagers—up 103,000 to 812,000, or 15.6% of their group. This week the President's first annual manpower report to Congress warned that if present tendencies continue, total unemployment will hit 7% by 1967. It noted a continuing failure to find enough jobs for young people. Since 1947, U.S. employment has risen only 17%, while the work force has climbed 21%. In the 1960s, workers under 25 will account for 26 million new arrivals in the labor market—"a far greater number," says the President's report, "than the country has ever had to educate, train and absorb into employment in any previous ten-year period." Some 7.5 million of them will not even have finished high school, and will be seeking unskilled jobs at a time when the number of jobs for the unskilled is steadily declining.

The postwar baby boom has long been expected to provide expanding markets in the '60s, since growing numbers of young people stimulate the need for new schools and recreational facilities, and should



TEEN-AGERS AT MANHATTAN VOCATIONAL SCHOOL  
There are few new customers in unemployment lines.

touch off a burst of homebuilding and durable-goods sales when the young marry. Yet without a sudden spurt of economic growth or a determined effort to upgrade the skills of its youth, the U.S. may well find that when the new wave of young people begin to reach working age in huge numbers in 1965, many of them will be lining up for unemployment allotments instead of providing new customers for factories.

## HIGH FINANCE

### Millionaires-in-One-Year

The U.S. now has more people whose incomes exceed \$1,000,000 a year than at any time since the 1929 stock market crash. So revealed the Internal Revenue Service last week. Its 1960 statistics, the latest compiled, show that 306 Americans had an adjusted gross income of more than \$1,000,000 in 1959 (and a mere 20 in 1932). The bulk of the wealth is in New York City, which had 87 millionaires-in-one-year; Philadelphia had 59, Chicago 38, and San Francisco and Boston 25 each.

## DEFENSE

### Smarter Bargainer

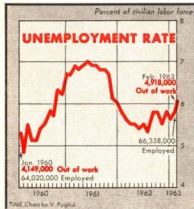
While a Senate subcommittee last week looked for signs of favoritism in the award of a TFX all-purpose-fighter contract to General Dynamics, many companies in the defense industry were worried about just the reverse: the Pentagon's increasingly sharper bargaining on defense contracts. The defense industry admits that Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara's band of tough-minded procurement officers is doing the best job of military buying in history. "The longer the Government is in business, the smarter it gets," says Lawrence A. Harvey, pres-

ident of Harvey Aluminum. "The smarter it gets, the closer it bargains. The closer it bargains, the lower the profits."

The Government's new tightfisted look is expected to produce big results. McNamara predicts that \$750 million will be saved in this fashion in the current budget year, and that within five years annual savings will reach \$3 billion. To get more for its dollars, the Government is cutting back on cost-plus-fixed-fee contracts, which guarantee a set profit regardless of how badly a company misses its delivery dates or its cost estimates. In their place, the Pentagon is increasingly signing fixed-price and incentive contracts, which reward companies with extra profit if they do well but dock them if they fall down. The Hébert act, recently passed by Congress, enables the Pentagon to delve deeply into the books of a defense supplier if he won a contract without competitive bidding, to make sure that cost estimates are accurate.

**Auditing Forays.** For Government contractors, the new toughness means mountains of paper work to justify every figure. A Midwest contractor found a Navy procurement officer stalking through his plant with a stopwatch, doing time-motion studies on the employees to see if the company could do the Navy's work more cheaply. The General Accounting Office, whose hawk-eyed civil servants dog the Pentagon procurers, has a San Francisco headquarters from which 85 auditors foray out to make sure that company costs are being held down. Chicago's Hallicrafters Co., which had a fixed-price contract to deliver electronic components for the Army's Nike-Zeus, is under Pentagon pressure to reduce the profit it made.

Where possible, the Pentagon wants parts re-engineered to save money; by relaxing overly rigid circuit requirements, it has chopped the price of capacitors in







**TIMEX'S MIDDLEBURY ASSEMBLY LINE**  
Success was hard to swallow.

GEORGE REELEY

the Terrier missile from \$73.96 to \$8.54 each. On the other hand, where quality will save maintenance costs, the Pentagon demands higher standards of contractors. Massive amounts are being saved by putting items once sold by a single company up for competitive bids; in one such case, the cost of each aircraft windshield of a certain type was lowered from \$669.72 to \$443. Moreover, arguing that Government-supported research often gives a company an advantage in future Government orders or in making civilian products, the Pentagon is making companies pay more and more of the cost of research on defense projects.

**Taking Advantage.** As much as this delights the taxpayer, it is hard on defense-industry profits, which dropped from a pretax average of 6.3% of sales in 1956 to 3.1% in 1962. The Pentagon has canceled and held back on so many projects that many large companies, and hundreds of small subcontractors, are beginning to starve for orders. The Government is thus able to take advantage of a competitive situation that it created itself. Even the companies concede admiration for its tactics. "It would be a pretty naive Government negotiator," says Vice President William Hafstrom of North American Aviation's Autonetics division, "who wouldn't take advantage of the extremely severe market competition."

## CORPORATIONS

### Watches for an Impulse

The United States Time Corp. of Middlebury, Conn., proudly boasts that one of its Timex watches recently swallowed by a Texas farmer's cow ran as good as new when the farmer retrieved it. Like the cow, U.S. jewelers know how it feels to swallow Timex. At first they opposed carrying Timex's low-cost, low-profit watches, but Timex is now the nation's

fastest-selling timepiece. Since the first Timex was sold twelve years ago, Americans have bought 50 million of them and U.S. Time has become the world's largest watchmaker (1962 sales: \$74.5 million). Last year one out of every three of the 23 million watches sold in the U.S. was a Timex. The company has become so cocksure about the attractions of its watches that it has just opened a plant in Besançon, France, just half an hour's ticking distance from the Swiss border, and hopes to take over a third of Common Market watch sales.

**Frozen & Hammered.** Timex has tapped the mass market for watches in much the same way as paperback publishers have for books. When jewelers spurned it because of its low 50% markup (100% for other watches), U.S. Time Sales Vice President Robert E. Mohr, 42, set up displays in drugstores, department stores and cigar stands, featuring a device that dunked a ticking watch into water and banged it with a hammer. The public really began to take notice when Mohr moved the torture test to television, shaking Timexes in automatic paint mixers, freezing them in blocks of ice, and trying them to plummeting high-divers.

Pricing its watches from \$6.95 to \$39.95 (for a battery-powered electric model), Timex ignored the notion of a watch as a lifetime gift and made it an impulse item. The company preaches that it is almost as cheap to buy a new Timex as to repair an old one, and urges consumers to build a wardrobe of different watch styles, as if watches were shoes. With Timex sales growing at twice the rate of the rest of the watch industry, it is a rare jeweler—and usually a "prestige" one with no need for the business—who is not hastening to set up Timex displays.

**Simple Works.** Timex was born after World War II, when U.S. Time's taciturn, Norwegian-born President and Chairman

BEN MARTIN



LEHMKUHL

Joakim M. Lehmkuhl, 67, ordered his engineers to design a watch so simple that it could be geared for automatic production. The watch they produced is so uncomplicated that its works are mounted between two plates instead of a network of five as on other models, and have only four screws v. 31 in other watches. Timex's simplicity gives it amazing shockproof qualities, but most jewelers agree that, with its metal bearings, Timex will not keep time as faithfully as an expensive jewel-bearing watch. Lehmkuhl retorts that a Timex should run five years without cleaning, but U.S. Time has tacitly admitted that there is some ground for criticism by recently dropping two of its Armoalloy metal bearings in favor of synthetic jewels in vital spots; the company had discovered that the bearings did not properly retain lubricating oil. The switch has not affected the cost of making Timex watches: the jewels cost Timex only 4¢ each.

## PUBLIC POLICY

### One for the Roads

For many years U.S. railroads have fought what seemed to be a losing battle against union-imposed featherbedding. Then last year a 15-man presidential Railroad Commission recommended the elimination of some 60,000 railroad jobs, including more than 40,000 firemen who survive the era of steam and, at union demand, ride diesel cabs with little more to do than wave at kids along the right of way.

The railroads announced that they would get rid of the featherbedders no matter what the unions thought, and the unions sought to block such action in the courts. Last week the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that the railroads indeed have the legal right to change "work rules" and cut down on featherbedding.

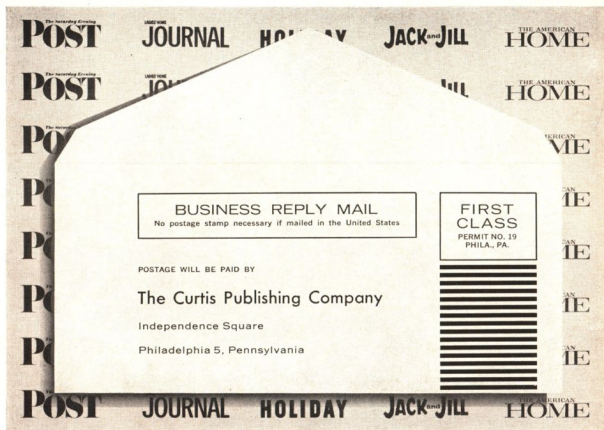
A cutdown would probably follow the



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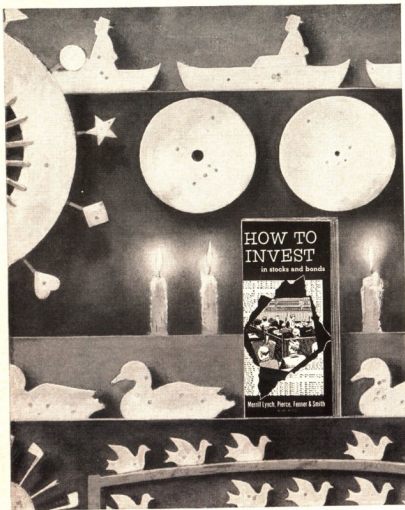
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lines set by the President's commission, which the railroads have accepted and the unions summarily rejected. Under the commission's recommendation, some 13,000 firemen with less than ten years' service would be dismissed in the first year; 27,000 others could hold their jobs until retirement, but would not be replaced. Another 20,000 men, mostly switchmen, would be eliminated gradually. The Pennsylvania Railroad, biggest in the U.S., has already announced plans to drop 3,100 firemen.

To soften the impact, the railroads agreed to pay dismissed workers up to 60% of their regular wages for three years, and help pay to retrain them for other jobs. The cost of such aid would be high to the railroads, already suffering under competition from trucks, buses and planes. Even so, the job eliminations that the railroads want probably would result in savings of some \$350 million annually after ten years. It is unlikely that the railroads can recoup the full \$500 million a year that they claim featherbedding costs, largely because in some states the size of railroad crews is set by law, and the work-rule changes would have little or no effect.

Despite the Supreme Court decision, the unions are yet to be reckoned with, and they are sure to fight any cutback attempts. This week in Chicago the railroads and their operating unions will begin another effort to see if they can work out a compromise through collective bargaining. If that fails and the union threatens to strike, the President almost surely will appoint an emergency board under the Railway Labor Act, thereby staving off a walkout for at least 60 days more. The real shutdown will therefore be postponed at least until summer.

## Downbeat on Mergers

Mergers seem a neat way out of trouble for airlines and railroads. Deficit-ridden Eastern Air Lines has asked the Civil Aeronautics Board for permission to merge with moneymaking American Airlines; troubled Trans World Airlines hopes to merge with solid Pan American. Twelve of the nation's major railroads have applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to enter into regional mergers. The ICC's approval last December of the rich Chesapeake & Ohio's application to take over the hard-up Baltimore & Ohio encouraged railroad and airline executives to believe that the official climate in Washington might be shifting in favor of mergers.

But last week all these hopefuls got some sobering news from the White House: a set of tough "merger criteria" that establishes a unified Administration policy for the first time. The guidelines were devised after a year's study by four experts, including Presidential Economic Adviser Walter Heller and Chief Trust-buster Lee Loewinger.

The four recommend that any rail or air merger should be judged in terms of whether it 1) threatens to reduce competition and thus inconvenience the trav-



DARDI



BIRRELL



RUBINSTEIN



GUTERMA

Well trained for matriculation at jail.

eling public, 2) makes a merged company so strong that it might injure its competitors, or 3) would be a more efficacious solution to the carrier's ills than bankruptcy or dissolution.

Though the CAB and ICC are technically independent agencies, the Administration's downbeat attitude towards merger is bound to have an effect on them. The proposed airline mergers would create lines substantially more powerful than most of their competitors, and the chief aim of the rail mergers is to cut costs by eliminating jobs and duplicate facilities.

## BUSINESS ETHICS

### The \$5,000,000 Swindle

In court, his lawyer described him as "the finest type of Californian." He had been president or chairman of ten companies, a director of 16, a member of the best clubs. But last week San Francisco's backslapping, bearlike Virgil David Dardi, 57, paced nervously in Manhattan's West Street jail, unable to raise \$100,000 bail. He had just been sentenced to seven years in prison for his part in one of the most ingeniously bizarre stock swindles in modern history—after the longest criminal trial in U.S. Federal Court history (TIME, Feb. 22). The activities of Dardi's United Dye & Chemical Corp. cost some 3,000 small stockholders across the U.S. an estimated \$5,000,000 and involved an improbable cast of Las Vegas gamblers, Wall Street respectables and well-known swindlers.

**Clean Front.** Dardi's downfall began in 1953 at a Manhattan cocktail party, where he met Lowell M. Birrell, a charming but ruthless looter of companies who has since fled to Brazil and is under indictment for fraud. Birrell was then in control of United Dye, but he needed someone to give him a clean front. He saw in Dardi qualities that he admired; for one thing, Dardi had been involved in some business deals with another Birrell crony, brilliant and amoral financier Serge Rubinstein (who was later mysteriously strangled in his luxurious home on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue). Dardi snapped up Birrell's offer to him to become chairman of United Dye.

Birrell then persuaded the board to permit the transfer of many of United Dye's assets to worthless insurance companies that he controlled. After he had managed to siphon off some \$2,000,000 of the company's assets, Birrell sold his 38,500 United Dye shares. They went to another swindler, Alexander Guterman, who installed himself as chairman and Dardi as president.

The United Dye board, which controlled 90,000 of the 152,000 shares outstanding, then approved an ingenious Guterman plot to print thousands of additional shares and dump them on the public—at a profit. First it proposed a merger with little-known and profitless Handridge Oil Corp., which was controlled by Chairman Guterman and Las Vegas Gamblers Samuel Garfield and Irving Pasternak. Terms: 575,000 new shares of United Dye, worth \$18 million, for 575,000 shares of Handridge, whose assets had been bought from Texas Wheeler-Dealers John and Clint Murchison Jr. for a mere \$519,000. Remarkably, this deal was approved with a minimum of investigation by the New York Stock Exchange.

**Stoking the Boilers.** The Guterman-Dardi group then attacked the problem of dumping 575,000 new shares of United Dye stock on the market without depressing the price. Instead of selling the new shares through the New York Stock Exchange, they engaged seven boiler rooms to float the stock on the over-the-counter market, got touters to push the stock with false claims. To keep the stock up and lure more gullible investors, United Dye engaged a shady bank in Tangier to buy the old shares listed on the Big Board, which were so thinly held that a few purchases were enough to maintain the price. After the Guterman-Dardi group unloaded its stock at a total profit of some \$5,000,000, United Dye crashed from \$15 to less than \$1.

His shenanigans netted Dardi a profit of \$150,000. He still protests that he was the dupe of predatory companions. But Alexander Guterman, who made the big killing and is now serving a five-year jail term, turned state's evidence against him. Three of the boiler room operators were sentenced to jail terms ranging from four to six years, on top of stiff fines. As for Dardi, U.S. Prosecutor Gerald Walpin nicely summed up his education in finance: "He served his apprenticeship with Serge Rubinstein, got his master's degree with Lowell Birrell and his Ph.D. with Alexander Guterman."



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# WORLD BUSINESS

## THE WORLD ECONOMY Powerful IMF

In their headstrong hurry to build plants atop plantations, many of the world's developing nations go for broke—and could end up there. When they get in a jam, they usually turn to a club of worldly bankers called the International



WALTER BENNETT

IMF's JACOBSSON  
Making nations take their medicine.

Monetary Fund, set up at the Bretton Woods conference in 1944 to give emergency, short-term aid to ailing economies. The IMF has become a powerful and controversial force in the world economy, forcing upon loan-seeking nations stiff conditions that frequently rescue their economies but gall their free-spending politicians. With loans at work in 24 developing nations, the IMF swings considerable weight from the Nile to the River Plate.

Last week the IMF announced that it will grant larger loans to nations whose economies suffer from temporary declines in prices of their exports—and do so with less stringent demands for internal corrective policies. The world's underdeveloped nations welcomed the news, but no one expected the IMF to relax much of its vigilance over national economies. The source of the fund's power is its \$15 billion treasury, raised from 83 member nations, each of which can theoretically, at any difficult time, draw out 25% more than it put in. The advantage, of course, is that poorer nations can deposit their own soft currency, draw out hard currency in loans. Every year the IMF conducts on-site inspections of each member nation, dispatching teams of two to five expert economists to pry into budgets, money supplies and payments balances. The inspectors then pass on their reports to IMF's 18-man international board, headed by Sweden's Per Jacobsson, 69, an economist of the classical monetarist school.

**Anxious for Approval.** As a champion of fiscal sanity and free trade, Jacobsson's IMF frequently requires governments to reduce spending, limit credit expansion, drop trade barriers and raise taxes. Few nations willingly accede to such reforms, but the IMF can be tough. Before granting loans, it forced the Philippines to tighten credit and Egypt to devalue its pounds. It temporarily cut off credit to Turkey, Colombia and Brazil for failing to live up to its demands. Despite their balking, underdeveloped nations are anxious to get IMF's approval, aware that it opens the way for millions more in private credits and foreign aid.

Many troubled nations are avidly seeking IMF aid. Argentina, which is fighting inflation, depression and a \$365 million budget deficit, has been forced to raise cigarette and gasoline taxes and promise to raise fares on its debt-ridden national railways to qualify for a \$50 million IMF loan. Inflation-racked Indonesia wants \$30 million, and the IMF will probably demand a stern austerity program and a slowdown in military spending.\* Seeking \$100 million, nearly bankrupt Brazil has pledged to cut its rate of inflation in half this year—from 60% to 30%. But that is not enough for the IMF; though most economists consider it an impossibility, the IMF is insisting that Brazil slash inflation to 10% within a year, perhaps as a bargaining tool to get Brazil to try harder.

**Breaking the Bible.** The IMF feels that the leaders of developing nations often put politics ahead of economics, breaking every rule in the bible of Bretton Woods to stay in office. Some responsible critics, mostly within the developing nations themselves, think that the IMF is often too rigidly academic in its demands and blind to political realities. "The IMF can tell the Argentines to fire half of their nationalized railroad employees," says Yale Economist Richard Ruggles, "but that might cause a strike that would do more long-run damage than an unbalanced budget."

Per Jacobsson and his colleagues insist that the fund's economic prescriptions work—and have some good examples to prove it. Both Britain and Canada asked IMF help to survive currency crises. Greece prospered after it revalued its drachma, and Japan boomed anew after it liberalized trade—both under IMF prodding. Spain is building a modern economy for the first time, thanks partly to a \$75 million IMF loan and an IMF-dictated policy of higher taxes, lower government spending and freer trade. The IMF may have become a dictator to the world's economies, but almost everybody seems to agree that its dictates are good ones.

\* Last week, at about the same time that it signed an agreement to borrow \$17 million from the U.S., Indonesia also signed a contract with General Dynamics to buy three Convair 990 commercial jets for more than \$20 million.

## SWEDEN The Oldest Corporation In the World

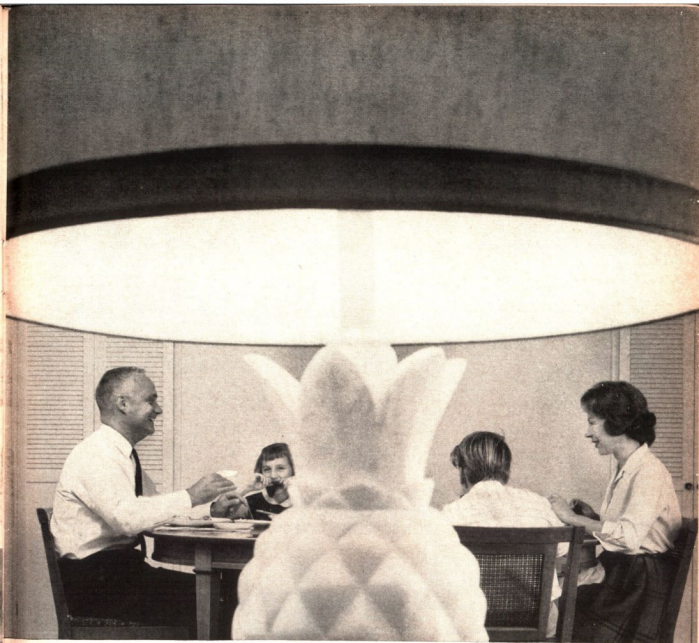
The world's oldest industrial corporation is still going strong. Where? In Sweden. In operation 73 years after King John signed the Magna Carta and more than 200 years before Columbus discovered America, Sweden's Stora Kopparberg Bergslags Aktiebolag has fueled Sweden's industrial growth over the centuries, and today is a modern diversified giant whose eye is on the future. Stora Kopparberg is Sweden's largest producer of electricity, one of the biggest manufacturers of pulpwood and newsprint (with exports to 40 nations), the largest supplier of dairy and agricultural produce, the biggest steel-maker and a major producer of industrial chemicals. As if that were not enough, Stora Kopparberg also manufactures the red paint that covers cottages throughout the picturesque Swedish countryside.

**Hell & Glory.** Like its name, the company's history is linked to Stora Kopparberg—a great subterranean copper "mountain" of unusually pure copper ore located among the gloomy forests of central Sweden. Toward the end of the Dark Ages, when copper was needed to arm Europe's growing armies, hundreds of men migrated to the copper mountain. At the pithead sprang up the village of Falun, Sweden's first industrial center, where the company still has its headquarters. At first each miner dug and smelted the ore himself, but by 1347 King Magnus Eriksson had granted a charter setting up a corporation of master miners. The largest copper supplier in medieval Europe, Kopparberg



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knowledge that can better the lives of all.

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made Sweden a major political power; its profits financed King Gustavus Adolphus' part in the Thirty Years War (1618-48), which established Swedish hegemony over Europe for nearly a century. When Queen Christina visited the mine in 1646, she said: "The greatness of the realm stands and falls with the copper mountain."

For all the glory that the Koppargberg brought Sweden, mining conditions were appalling. Sulphurous smoke blacked the huts of Falun and killed off all plant life for miles around. The workers' plight in the dark and sooty mines was so bad that a visitor in the 1700s wrote that "no theologian has ever been able to describe hell so frightfully." In the early 19th century, as iron began replacing copper in importance, Stora Koppargberg turned away from the riches of the copper mountain and began the diversification that has kept it alive and thriving.

**Lean at the Top.** Under Managing Director Hakan Abenius, 60, a grave and quiet Swede who took over in 1948, the company is steadily branching out, has three plants abroad, and is now part of a consortium developing molybdenum deposits in Greenland. Last year Stora's sales were about \$153 million, are expected to rise slightly this year. Despite its advanced age, Stora has avoided hardening of the arteries by keeping its upper echelon lean (only 16% of its staff are salaried white-collar workers v. 25% for the average Swedish firm) and its plants remarkably efficient.

Stora has built so many specialized machines and invented so many processes that it derives a substantial income from 120 licensing agreements with foreign countries. Its most notable recent achievement was the development of the Kaldor steelmaking process, which rivals Austria's

famous LD process for making high-grade steel more quickly and efficiently.

No one knows exactly how old Stora is. The first documented reference to it dates from 1288, but archaeologists think that mining was going on long before that. Teams of Stora experts are employing spectroanalysis to determine the age of ancient copper objects that have been found in the old mine shafts. They may go back 1,000 years.

## BRITAIN

### The Brain Drain

In two months in London, David Zogbaum has managed to become perhaps the least understood and most vociferously criticized American in Britain. London's popular press has excoriated him as a "brain snatcher" and a "head-hunter." British businessmen would feel as comfortable around him as Abdel Nasser might feel around Ben-Gurion. Zogbaum is the British representative of a company called Careers Inc., and a recruiter of talent for some 67 U.S. corporations. His hostile reception by the British is a measure of their concern over the loss of scientific and technical talent to the U.S., summed up fortnight ago by Minister of Science Viscount Hailsham, who charged the U.S. with living "parasitically on other people's brains."

**Eager to Go.** Hailsham has a right to worry about the brain drain. Skilled people anywhere feel the pull of the U.S., but most noticeably in England. Every year 60 science Ph.D.s—about 7% of England's total crop—leave for the U.S. Of ten research students in theoretical physics finishing up doctorates at Cambridge this spring, seven are going to the U.S. Birmingham Chemical Engineer

John T. Davies reports that six of his ten researchers left for the U.S. last year. One Glasgow University laboratory team emigrated en masse, and so did five senior aeronautical engineers from Hawker Siddeley's advanced-projects group. Says one Oxford don: "Usually people are so anxious to get to America that recruiters don't have to work very hard."

The desire for higher salaries (up to three times more) is the primary, but not the only, impulse for emigration. British scientists and technicians are impressed by the U.S.'s more sophisticated research facilities, by its stimulating scientific atmosphere, and by the prospect of eventually reaching higher management positions than in Britain. Scientists who are tempted away, says London University Physicist G. O. Jones, are "always the most adventurous, energetic and gifted. The loss to Britain is thus far more serious than mere numbers suggest."

**Pastoral Scenes.** British businessmen generally disapproved of Hailsham's waspish outburst, with its anti-American overtones. Hailsham thought that scientists should "still owe some responsibility" to the country where they were born and educated, rather than "make up for the deficiencies of the American high schools—to which, incidentally, they condemn their own offspring if they stay away too long." Businessmen are beginning to realize that U.S. recruiting is only part of the problem, and that there is a need for British business to do more about facilities, opportunities and pay. So far, however, the most spectacular program has involved placing advertisements in U.S. publications showing quiet English country scenes, in the hope of recalling the pastoral past to lure back men intent upon the future.

## PERSONAL FILE

• Unlike the many Latin American businessmen who salt their money away in Swiss banks, tall, courtly **Alfredo Fortabat**, 68, one of Argentina's richest men, is renowned for free-spending philanthropy. He has built many kindergartens and schools, and this week will dedicate a new Fortabat-financed technical college for 600 students. He learned his philanthropy from his father, a wealthy rancher who told him: "Never forget generosity, tolerance and good community spirit." Fortabat amassed his own immense fortune himself by working a 6 a.m.-to-11 p.m. day building a \$100 million chain of four factories that produce 55% of Argentina's cement, and a string of ranches on which 150,000 cattle graze. Like so many other Latin American businessmen, however, Fortabat is shy of spending money on research. "We do not try to invent," he says, "but use the experience of other countries."

• To Britons, a move by U.S.-owned Monsanto Chemical Co. to set up an executive office in Brussels to guide its twelve European operations marks a disturbing trend by U.S. firms to shun Britain for the Continent. The British found some consolation in Monsanto's denial of such an intention, and in the company's choice of a Yorkshireman as boss of its new office: energetic **Peter Weston-Webb**, 56. Weston-Webb started as a textile weaver's apprentice, worked for textile companies in Canada and South America before joining Monsanto's Chemstrand division in 1959 as head of its British subsidiary. Monsanto needs his expertise



FORTABAT



WESTON-WEBB



SCHACHT

in tight management to solve the problem of directing the expansion of its \$100 million European holdings from its distant St. Louis headquarters. Says Weston-Webb: "We don't have any inhibitions about where we may go or grow."

• The prophetic little poem in a German magazine in the 1930s ran: "But win or lose, the war once past, / Be sure Herr Schacht won't suffer." Hitler's stiff-necked financial wizard, Brooklyn-born **Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht**, 86, has certainly not suffered. He was acquitted three times of war-crime charges, wrote a bestseller on his services to Hitler, and sold economic advice to such as Indonesia's Sukarno and Iran's Mossadegh ("In three hours, Teheran's problems were settled," boasted the imperious Schacht). At the end of March, he will retire from the private Düsseldorf bank that he founded in 1953, taking his name away from the firm too. He intends to keep adding to his wealth, has an agreement with Algeria to show one more confused new nation how to solve its economic difficulties.



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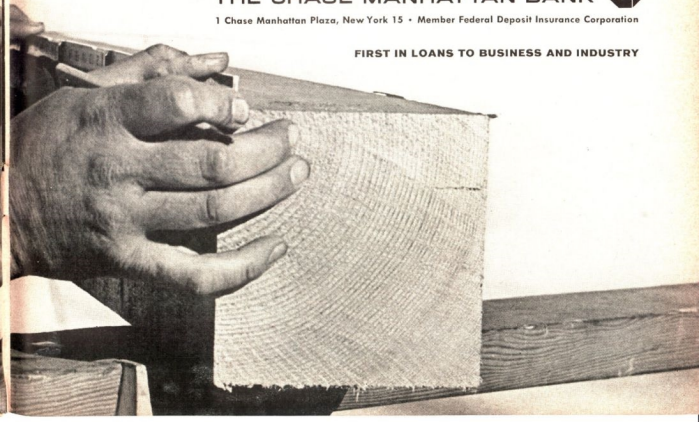
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# CINEMA

## In a Plaster-of-Paris Paris

**Madame**, based on *Madame Sans-Gêne*, a vastly popular 19th century melodrama, is a spectacle that recommends to all producers of such pictures this modest list of don'ts.

Don't build a plaster-of-paris Paris.

Don't ask a color-blind chintz merchant to design the costumes.

Don't let anybody say to Sophia Loren, while she bats her glued-on lashes and swells her taped-up bosom: "Gee, you're a real person."

Don't let Sophia say, "I think I've twisted my foot," and then disclose the damage by demurely hoisting her skirts all the way to her hips.

Don't let the hero say to Napoleon, when the Emperor names him King of

sand years as the scum of the earth, rose in heroic rebellion against allies they had always loathed. Out of manholes, cellars, caves and sewers crammed with smuggled guns and ammo they came storming, and in four historic days of blood and glory rang a tocsin that awoke the Underground from Naples to the Alps.

The story of *le quattro giornate di Napoli* is now described with factual fidelity and tremendous élan in the best battle movie made in Italy since *Open City* and *Paisan*.

The film, like the revolt, begins in a series of scattered episodes and gathers itself slowly to a terrific climax of violence. When the Germans occupy Naples, nobody dreams of rebellion. When they round up the labor battalions, everybody thinks only of escape. But when they cannot escape, the men of Naples instantly decide that they would rather fight than work: the lazy *lazzaroni* rise to defend their ancient tradition of indolence. On Sept. 27, grim little groups break out their hidden weapons and converge on German units. A substantial enemy force is besieged in a soccer stadium. German columns rush to its relief. But the vermin of the Vomero pile barricades in their wretched alleys, volley grenades from the rooftops, take potshots from parked cars. Even the snotty-nosed *scugnizzi* manage to get guns and march against the Germans in infantine battalions.

On the third day of rebellion, 50 partisans bring up a German fieldpiece, and in a savagely spectacular skirmish prang two enemy tanks. The German commandant takes a hard look at his position. He holds the city, but he might as well be holding a nest of vipers. The Allies are advancing, and he obviously cannot fight them and the Neapolitans too. Humbly he requests the victorious vulgarians to grant him a truce; ingloriously the Wehrmacht scuttles out of town.

No individual hero is celebrated in *The Four Days*, no single villain vilipended. The hero is Naples, the villain is war. Director Nanni Loy, a 37-year-old Sardinian whose two previous pictures attracted little attention, set out to record a mass movement, and he has done so with stunning force and skill. Few professional actors appear in the film, and those few (among them Jean Sorel and Lea Massari) are not credited; most of the performers were found in the mazes of the Vomero, and many took an active part in the events the film describes. They really are what the picture says they are, and they mightily enforce the illusion that the picture really is what it says it is, that the rebellion really is happening before one's eyes.

Loy's camera contributes equally to the illusion. With the help of a telescopic lens it plunges the spectator like spaghetti into the boiling core of every battle—he goes in stiff with tension and comes out limp with fatigue. It holds him still and explodes a mob in his face. And twice it summons him to images of awful beauty: ▶ A German tank, hit by a shell, stops

stunned, reels backward, writhes like a colossal metal insect in torment, the turret turning from side to side like a huge head and the tip of the long slender deadly gun glaring balefully in all directions like a big evil eye on a still.

▶ In darkness a long line of workmen, peering over a bank of earth, see their factory burned by the Germans, and as the camera moves in a moving frieze from face to frieze face, the faces slowly in the mind become one face: the image of Neapolis Agonistes, the image of all men who inhabit the dark night of tyranny.

## Cinemama's Papa

**Papa's Delicate Condition**, "Vanilla." That's what Jackie Gleason calls his latest picture and that's what it basically is: sweet enough for the kids, plain enough for the grown folks—something the whole family can swallow without collywobles. The concoction is inexpensive and attrac-



LOREN AS MADAME  
Her foot begins at her hip.

Westphalia: "Gee, is my wife gonna be happy when she hears this!"

Don't do quite such a careful job of dubbing the dialogue—at least once in the course of the film, if only to tease the customers, let just one syllable of speech be synchronized with somebody's lip movements.

Don't, in a world where millions are starving, spend \$7,000,000 to manufacture clajmjamtry.

## Vulgarian Victory

**The Four Days of Naples**. On Sept. 8, 1943, the day Badoglio surrendered to Eisenhower, the lid of a manhole lifted hesitantly in a Neapolitan alley and a draft dodger squinted at the unaccustomed sunlight. "La 'uerr' è finood!" the mob above him bellowed in delirium. The war was over for Sicily, *si*. But for Naples it was far from over. On Sept. 12, the Panzers rumbled into town as the Italian garrison stumbled off in all directions. Then flying squads of German soldiers burst into the Vomero, the city's principal slum, and gun-butt the male population into labor battalions. In a fury the Neapolitan *canaglia*, known for a thou-



GLEASON AS PAPA  
One damn fling after another.

tive, and it should leave most customers ready (if not exactly roaring) for a second helping.

Papa in real life was the papa of an old-time cinemama, Corinne Griffith, who wrote a book about him back in 1952. As the film describes it, life with Papa is one damn fling after another. Not that Papa is a drunk. But he is almost always in a "delicate condition," and when he is in a delicate condition he is apt to do any tomfool thing that happens to cross his mind. One morning, sick of looking at a neighbor's purple house, Papa grabs a ladder and—splat! the neighbor's house is painted white. One afternoon, annoyed when a drugstore proprietor bullies the errand boy, Papa yanks out his checkbook, buys the store, makes the errand boy the boss and the boss the errand boy. And one fine day, when his daughter falls in love with a circus pony, Papa promises he will buy it and he does—even though he has to buy the circus too.

And what does Mama (Glynis Johns) think of that? Don't worry. Faced with a choice between love and liquor, Papa gives up the hard sauce and at the happy-family fade decides he'll take vanilla.



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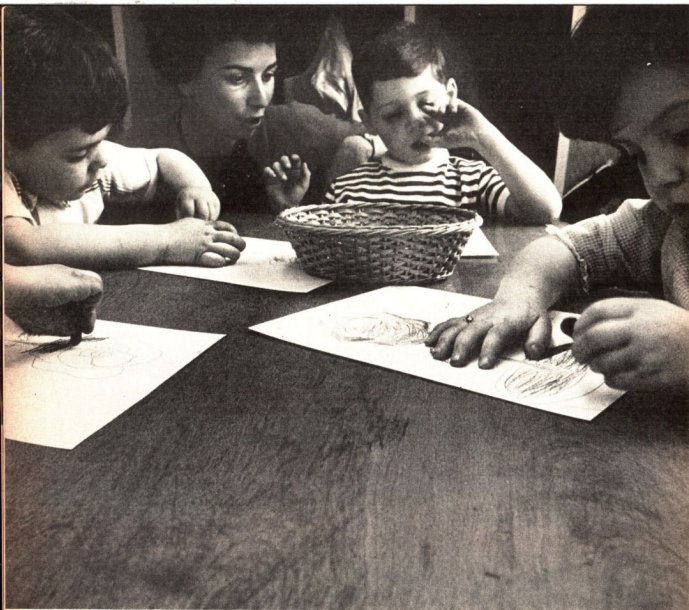
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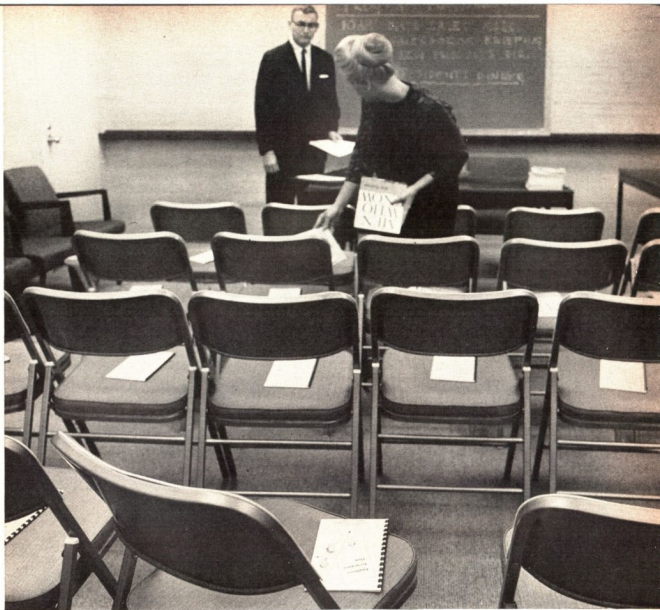
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## BOOKS

### Importance of Beating Ernest

THAT SUMMER IN PARIS (255 pp.)—*Morley Callaghan*—Coward-McCann (\$5).

Paris may no longer be the place good Americans go when they die, but to a dwindling group of American men of letters it still looks like the heaven that lay about them in their infancy.

That Paris was not the city at large but that part of it where *The Sun Also* rose from, a few streets and cafés in St.-Germain-des-Prés and Montparnasse, where every Tom, Scott and Ezra thought of himself as a man of genius, and in some cases was. Morley Callaghan, Canadian novelist, is one of those who have survived to tell how they once saw Ernest plain.

From the outset, one must get the cast straight. "Look at it this way," Callaghan pleads. "Scott didn't like McAlmon. McAlmon no longer liked Hemingway. Hemingway had turned against Scott. I had turned up my nose at Ford. Hemingway liked Joyce. Joyce liked McAlmon."

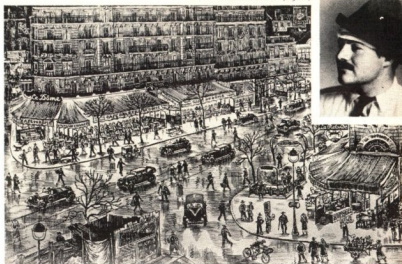
Before dismissing the whole thing as a sort of Study in Status-Motivated Behavior Within a Peer Group, the reader needs to remind himself that these people are among the greatest names in modern literature (though Ford Madox Ford and Robert McAlmon are no longer big beaks in the literary pecking hierarchy).

Morley became a member of the peer group in 1929 after his short stories had been published in McAlmon's *This Quarter*, and he had followed all agog from Toronto in its imperceptible wake. Soon, Morley was able to match anyone in the regional game of literary one-upmanship, and he knew who was meant when someone mentioned Eliot.\* He proudly recalls the day he put in their places a couple of young squirts who thought they were in because they could recognize Hemingway in the streets. They thought a little man who followed Hemingway carrying a bag

\* That is, Elliot Paul, co-editor of *transition*, not T. S. Eliot, who was known as Tom.



CALLAGHAN  
A sucker for a Left Bank.



MONTPARNASSE IN THE 1920S  
The bell tolled too late.

was his butler. "No, that's Miró," Morley said quietly. "Miró! The Spanish painter," they squeaked, and slunk away abashed.

The bag, moreover, contained Hemingway's boxing gloves and the clue to why Morley could sit in a café with Ernest when Scott could not. Hemingway was hooked on boxing; he was so self-deluded about it that he told a friend, "My writing is nothing. My boxing is everything." Though he was seven years older, he had known Morley back when they were both reporters on the Toronto Star. He and Morley, a competent amateur middleweight, liked to box together. It was as simple as that, but Scott felt "pushed aside and not needed." One fatal day he wangled himself in as timekeeper at one of the regular Hemingway-Callaghan bouts. The trouble lay with Scott—so bemused by literary hero worship that he forgot to call time. Hemingway was getting badly marked up by the "Toronto Kid," and the round ran four minutes. "All right, Scott," Ernest said savagely. "If you want to see me getting the [obscenity] knocked out of me, just say so. Only don't say you made a mistake."

That's about all there was to the event, but it is mercilessly hashed over in the book like the long count in the Dempsey-Tunney championship. One way or another, it was the end of a touchy friendship.

Hemingway once told Callaghan "Dostoevski writes like Harry Greb fights." Unfortunately, Callaghan writes the way Hemingway fights—eager but heavy on his feet and a real sucker for a Left Bank.

### A Myth of Alligators

V. (492 pp.) Thomas Pynchon—Lippincott (\$5.95).

There is a myth that the Manhattan sewer system is full of alligators.

The idea is that children bought baby alligators for pets, and when they got bored with them, they flushed them into the sewers. The myth is part of this

likable, mad and unfathomable first novel. Not an integral part; Author Pynchon has taken great pains to ensure that his book has none of these. The novel is built on the plan of the expanding universe or of one of those whirling platforms at amusement parks; the reader starts at the center, and, as the narration picks up speed, slides helplessly toward infinity, while his sanity and his umbrella drift away in different directions.

The Yo-Yo. Benny Profane, a schlemiel (the Yiddish word for chronic bumbler), is the novel's anti-hero. Shouts of triumph or yelps of protest are not for schlemiels; Benny's conversation is limited to "What?" and "Wha." The alligators come into it when he arrives in New York after a Navy hitch—the liberty scenes in Norfolk are done with loving verity—and needs a job. So he gets one shooting alligators for the city. This keeps him in beer, and more he does not need. He sleeps in the bathtub of a West Side apartment belonging to the Whole Sick Crew, a jack-daw's collection of oddballs and endalls. Couples recline, neuroses entwine, and Benny, friendly, polite and stupid, gets drunk and inadvertently invents the mad fad of yo-yoing. To yo-yo, one gets piggy-drunk, falls asleep in the subway, and rides back and forth all night. The yo-yo who makes the most trips is champion, and the cross-town shuttle does not count.

Thus described, Pynchon's book sounds like a Jack Kerouac eruption. It is not. The prose is quiet, sane and assured, even when it is describing something like the invention (by someone Benny meets at a party) of a coin-operated whorehouse for bus and railway stations.

Sleeping Goddess. But the Sick Crew's carryings-on form only the mundane, or Profane, surface of this weird chronicle. There is, underlying everything like a half-forgotten goddess in restive sleep, the matter of V. What, or who, is V.? A Crew member named Stencil, the son of a mysterious and long-dead operative of the



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British Foreign Office, hopes to find out. Perhaps V. stands for Venezuela, and an abortive political plot of the turn of the century. Perhaps it stands for Vesuvius, or for Valletta, the capital of Malta. More likely, but not at all certainly, it is the first initial of the name of a mysterious girl tourist, Victoria Wren, who vanished in 1901 but turns up in different guises at times of riot or political intrigue. Victoria wears a glass eye whose iris is a clock face.

Pursuing V., the author leads a phantasmagoric tour through the dream country of the past in a series of darkly illumined flashbacks. At one point, V. is in Florence in the midst of fathomless political conspiracies; at another, she is in South West Africa during the brutal repression of the natives during the '20s. All clues finally lead to Valletta, where V., disguised as the Bad Priest, is injured in a World War II air raid and is disassembled by a band of children: her glass eye is stolen; her false feet of amber and gold, with veins in intaglio are removed; a sapphire is dug from her navel.

In this sort of book, there is no total to arrive at. Nothing makes any waking sense. But it makes a powerful, deeply disturbing dream sense. Nothing in the book seems to have been thrown in arbitrarily, merely to confuse, as is the case when inept authors work at illusion. Pynchon appears to be indulging in the fine, pre-Freudian luxury of dreams dreamt for the dreaming. The book sails with majesty through caverns measureless to man. What does it mean? Who, finally, is V.? Few books haunt the waking or the sleeping mind, but this is one. Who, indeed?

## The Problem

WHAT THE BUTLER SAW (298 pp.)—E. S. Turner—St. Martin's (\$4.95).

The word "servant" dangles these days on the cliff of obsolescence; housewives have "help" when they have it at all, and are diplomatic about giving orders (not "Clean up the living room," according to one domestic counselor, but "Let's clean up the living room"). One of the most fictional characters in modern fiction is Jeeves, and his creator, P. G. Wodehouse, mourns the extinction of that noble breed of "butlers who weighed 250 pounds on the hoof, butlers with three chins and bulging abdomens, butlers with large gooseberry eyes and that austere butlerlike manner which has passed so completely away."

But moderns who are tempted to look back to the Day of the Servant as a golden age will find remedial reading in a new book called *What the Butler Saw: 250 Years of the Servant Problem*, by E. S. Turner. Having too many servants was as bad in its way as having none at all.

**Matched Footmen.** A couple of centuries ago, writes Turner, a gentleman with a comfortable income of £2,000 a year "was betraying his class if he employed fewer than six women servants and five menservants; middle-class ladies in their gos could boast that they had

never made a pot of tea in their lives, a wealthy Englishman had a Frenchman to stir his soup, another Frenchman to comb his hair, an Italian to make his pastry, and half a dozen Englishmen to iron his Times, and his wife had a Frenchwoman to powder her back and an Englishman to carry her prayer book."

Domestic service in the 18th century was full of fun for any country boy or girl—there were so many of them that nobody had to work very hard. Sets of tall, matched footmen preceding one's sedan chair (the Countess of Northumberland had nine) were an 18th century equivalent of his-and-her Cadillacs. With little to do and plenty to drink, footmen frequently wrought havoc among the maids, cooks and nurses, but no one liked to break up a set of footmen when things got out of hand, so it was usually



DOMESTIC SERVICE IN THE 18TH CENTURY  
Belowstairs, uninhibited dalliance.

the seduced girl who was sacked. The elite of this species were the running footmen, whose duties were to carry messages—sometimes 50 miles or more across country—and to precede the master's carriage, heralding the approach of a man of substance.

**The Amphibious Life.** The difficulty maids had in defending their chastity was immortalized by Samuel Richardson in *Pamela*. In fact, so much uninhibited dalliance went on belowstairs that Hack Writer Daniel Defoe found the maids fair game. Nothing is more common, he wrote, "than to find these creatures one week in a good family and the next in a brothel. This amphibious life makes 'em fit for neither, for if the bawd use them ill, away they trip to service and if their mistress gives 'em a wry word, whip they're at a bawdyhouse again, so that in effect they neither make good whores nor good servants."

Toward the end of the 18th century, servants were so numerous and idle in

upper-class houses that they became a grievous social problem. House guests and even dinner guests were cadged mercilessly for tips. "It was customary," writes Turner, "for the servants to line up in the hall in a double row, like musketeers, and to extend their palms quite openly. The guest would be expected to disburse sums from left to right alternately as he headed for the door."

**Divine Drudgery.** The Industrial Revolution changed all that, downgrading hand labor, raising up a new-rich middle class, and widening the gulf between servant and master. The reduced status of the servant combined with the mealy-mouthed piety of the 19th century to produce a quantity of parables and poems designed to convince the lower classes that drudgery was part of the divine order and should be performed with diligence and thanks. A New Testament text, very popular for framing and hanging in the servants' quarters, was *Ephesians 6: 5-6*.<sup>8</sup> Such sentiments persisted into the 20th century, even in the more egalitarian U.S.; as late as 1927, Turner reports, John D. Rockefeller Sr. declared his admiration for a poem that began:

Lord of the pots and pippins, since I  
have no time to be  
A saint by doing lovely things and  
vigilant with Thee,  
By watching in the twilight dawn, and  
storming Heaven's gates,  
Make me a saint by getting meals and  
washing up the plates.

World War I drained off many servants, and World War II all but finished the job. After World War II, the New York State department of labor checked on the maid-servants who had gone to other work in the war effort and found that only one in 73 was willing to go back into domestic service. In Britain, as late as 1931, some 5% of British households had a resident servant; but in 1951 the figure had dropped to 1%, and it is still dropping.

Economist Michael Young predicts that by the end of the century, automation and technology will have shunted so much unskilled labor into the domestic market that a new Age of the Servant may dawn. But all signs still indicate that "help" is more likely to be electronic than organic.

## Philosopher of the Misfits

THE ORDEAL OF CHANGE (150 pp.)—Eric Hoffer—Harper & Row (\$3.50).

President Eisenhower's taste in literature is supposed to run to westerns, but the book he kept pressing on friends and Cabinet members is a work of philosophy called *The True Believer*. A shrewd study of fanaticism, the book was written by Eric Hoffer, a San Francisco longshoreman and, before that, a migrant farm worker.

Hoffer, 61, is still a longshoreman, but

<sup>8</sup> "Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ. Not with eyeservice, as menpleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart."





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since Ike discovered him he has had no difficulty in getting his thoughts published. In his third book, a collection of gracefully written essays, Hoffer launches into a philosophy of history. As he sees it, history is a constant and fruitful tussle between the intellectuals and the masses. When the intellectual has no clear role in society, Hoffer writes, his frustration leads him to champion the masses. But when intellectuals take over a society, they are the sternest taskmasters of all, imposing an ideology because of their addiction to words. This accounts for the harshness of Communist societies, where the "intellectuals" (in Hoffer's view) have more power than in any democratic society.

The U.S., on the other hand, is a land of the masses. "Freedom releases the energies of the masses not by exhilarating



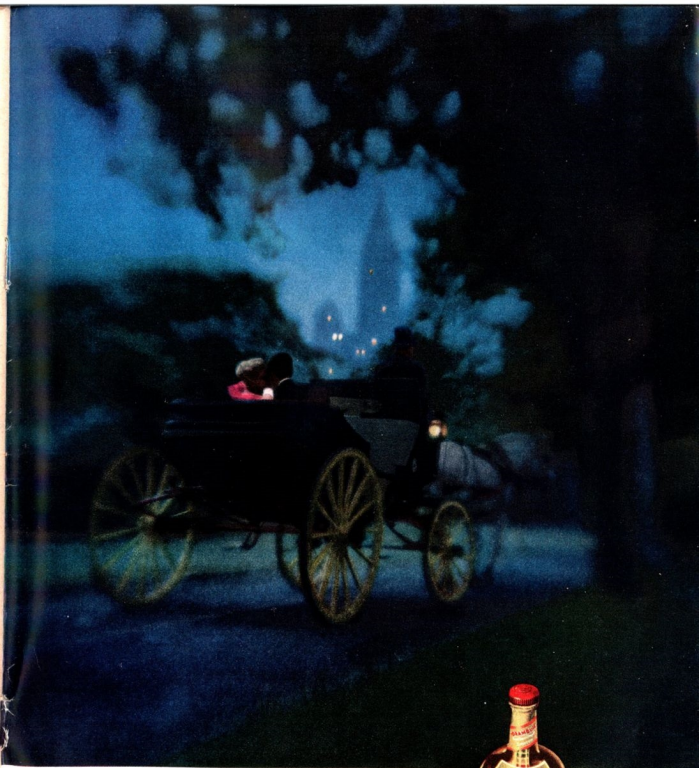
ERIC HOFFER

A plug for the weak-willed.

but by unbalancing, irritating and goading." In this floundering freedom, they develop their own skills to stay afloat, and they have no need of ideology.

The undesirables and the misfits do not inhabit the fringe of society, Hoffer argues; they are the mainspring of change. The fact that they are failures in everyday life makes them jump at the chance to do the heroic. The U.S., itself, writes Hoffer, is the "handiwork of Europe's undesirables dumped on a virgin continent." California's present-day "fruit tramps and Okies" are the counterparts of the noble pioneers who settled the West.

Nearly blind until he was 15, Hoffer had no schooling. But when his eyesight returned, he was seized with an "enormous hunger for the printed word" and read voraciously. Though he has many academic friends, Hoffer is wary of being "kept" by the intellectuals. He prefers his longshoreman's life by the sea with its freedom and heartiness. The romantics used to dream of philosophers of the common man springing up in America. Hoffer shows it can happen.



*Evenings that memories are made of—  
so often include Drambuie*

After dinner, have a dram of Drambuie,  
the cordial with the Scotch whisky base.

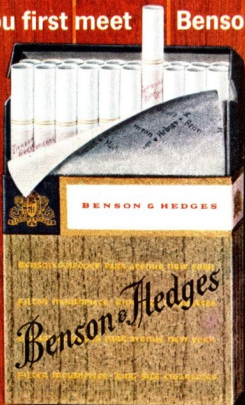


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